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30 Cents in Canada



Do We
Want
Censorship
?

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DUNNE

Earl
Christy

TWO WORLD FAMOUS PERSONALITIES

from the MISSISSIPPI SHORES

Who thought the finest thing in life would be to travel—just up and down Ol' Man River...but whose fame swept him 'round the world...whose personality was so compelling that he stood out brilliantly at any gathering...whose keen wit and perception made his one of the brightest names in American letters? Of course...**MARK TWAIN!**

Which beer, brewed on the banks of the Mississippi, became world-famous for its own delightful 'personality'...whose unforgettable quality made it stand out brilliantly from all others...which established an unmatched record—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history? Of course...**BUDWEISER!**



Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS



*For those
who make living
a fine art*



*It's precious, **KEEP IT!***

What a social asset it is . . . the breath of youth, wholesomely fresh and delicately sweet. Isn't such an advantage worth trying for? Is there any reason why you should tolerate in yourself the faintest trace of halitosis (unpleasant breath), when it is so easy to overcome? Fastidious people realize that, due to modern habits, everybody is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. The safe, pleasant way to

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LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS..(BAD BREATH)



Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE



NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

in *The* **BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Rudolph Besier
Directed by Sidney Franklin

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Editor and Publisher*

William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor*

Ivan St. Johns, *Western Editor*

Vol. XLVI No. 5

October, 1934



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of Benvenuto Cellini (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelveteeth, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as a maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Keik proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

The Winner of The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal

for the best motion picture released during 1933 will be announced in the November issue of

PHOTOPLAY

The huge vote on this, the fourteenth award, reflects the ever-increasing public interest in this annual poll.

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad Grand Duke Peter. An impressive production. (April)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society début. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As Death, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

**Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You
the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that
Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe**

The story of one man
against a million—and of the
woman who loved him, yet
was his enemy to the death.
Told by the man who lived
this astounding romance.



LESLIE
HOWARD

KAY
FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN

**"BRITISH
AGENT"**

With William Gargan in Cast of
Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
*** A First National Picture ***

Brickbats & Bouquets

THE AUDIENCE SPEAKS TO THE CENSORS—



Mae West's admirers consider her frank, humorous treatment of sex wholesome entertainment. But the censors say her films need purging. West pictures were among the first to be stamped for change

THE \$25 LETTER

He has worked hard for many years making a good living for a large family. He still keeps the old-fashioned working hours that the years have accustomed him to. But there are Saturday afternoons. Then no golf course calls him, no club lures him. His treat, looked forward to all week, is the movies.

By leaving the office promptly at noon and eating a hasty lunch, he is in front of the box-office buying his ticket at quarter to one. There is a method in his carefully planned routine. Counting two hours to a show, he is out by a quarter to three. This enables him to get to another movie house in time for the three o'clock show. Out at five, home to dinner at six. Two movies—it's been a wonderful Saturday!

We, his children, are often surprised at Dad's taste. But he defends his likes and dislikes ardently. In his day he saw many of the fine actors of the old school. He knows good acting. And, if truth be told, he also likes to look at a beautiful girl. But he is really an idealist at heart, a romanticist of the first water.

Good, bad or indifferent, however, the movies claim him for their own on this one lark each week. He has lived a vigorous life, a hard-working life, a self-sacrificing life. His children call him "Old Faithful." His shoulders are a little stooped now. But he gets far more pleasure from his two movies a week than his children and grand-children get from their amusements.

MARY PYLE, Evanston, Ill.

THE \$10 LETTER

My mother recently underwent a complete examination in a nationally known medical clinic for a serious heart irregularity. The final verdict was, "No organic trouble whatsoever. Worry, nervousness, strain."

Her eminent specialist, after learning that she lived in a small town where recreations are few, said, "Do you go to the movies?"

"Often," my mother answered.

"When you go, do you still worry? Or do you lose yourself in watching the picture?"

"That is the one time," she answered him, "when I forget about everything—health, business and all the rest."

"That's fine!" said the specialist. "Do you know, when the doctors and nurses think they'll go mad with the blood and pain and death around here, they go to the movies? It keeps them sane. You just keep on going to the movies."

PEGGY BAUM, Austin, Minn.

FIVE thousand letters! That is the number PHOTOPLAY Magazine received this month from readers on the "clean-up" movement. Only a sprinkling were in favor of radical changes. We are printing here just a few excerpts of what both sides to this controversy think.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

THE \$5 LETTER

I am becoming more and more convinced every day that the movies are a most essential form of education, especially to our children.

Recently we were entertaining some guests, when the topic of conversation turned to whaling. After most of us grown-ups had expressed our view of methods, etc., my little nine-year-old daughter, Sylvia, asked if she might "have the floor."

Upon being given permission, she went into a detailed description enlightening us as to just what course is pursued from the time a whale is sighted until it is finally harpooned.

It terminated that she had seen a picture with whaling sequences and had been greatly impressed. This is just one instance of the many educational benefits she has derived from the movies.

MRS. HENRY S. DAHN, Richmond, Va.

IN MEMORIAM TO MARIE DRESSLER

You so loved laughter that we must not weep

Since you are gone. The winds of heaven sweep

Your soul to quiet harbors. May you know

How much we miss you here. We loved you so!

LOUISE BALDWIN, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Jean Harlow's vampish screen rôles made reformers say "Thumbs down!" But Jean's behaving now. She's starting work on "Dolly," guaranteed pure and censor-proof

• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture.

The love story of one woman and one man



THE WORLD MOVES ON

"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley

...that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today



●

Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale . . . An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache . . . An important event in motion picture history. —*New York American*

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story.

—*New York Daily Mirror*

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments . . . gay and charming ones as well. —*New York Sun*

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —*New York Daily News*

●

Brickbats & Bouquets

.. BOTH SIDES OF THE MOVIE CLEAN-UP ..

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

HOME-COMING

Heaven was hushed, and excited.

The most beautiful stars were carefully arranged. The Man in the Moon had a shining face. Angels pinned white gardenias on their filmy gowns, and waited breathlessly. In a moment the most adored star of the whole world would arrive—Marie, who walked with kings and queens but never lost the common touch.

Lucky angels! Treat your new star ever so kindly. For down here we love her dearly.

MABEL S. VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio

A FULL LIFE

She went through years of heart-break and failure, but never was she bitter. And when, at the age of sixty, she "made good," fame and success didn't change her.

Marie Dressler was always the same—generous, human, understanding, and courageous to the end.



Months of work and lots of money were spent on "Chained," the Joan Crawford-Clark Gable film. When it is released, it will have been much altered



Even Shirley Temple's smash hit, "Little Miss Marker," has been cited as giving offense. No, it wasn't Shirley's swiping a barbers' pole, but the film's gangster element that was frowned upon

Her passing has left an empty place that can't be filled.

But because of the way she lived, she leaves a rich heritage. For she gave heart and hope to those who have passed the bloom of youth. And to the young she offered inspiration and a pattern for successful living.

We mourn the loss of a fine actress and a great person.

MRS. T. R. ADAMS, Milwaukee, Wis.

A LESSON TO LEARN

The present censorship movement demonstrates that we have failed to learn the lesson which our experience with the Volstead Act should have taught us—namely, that it is about as impossible to dictate the public morals as to direct the weather.

If a wholesale purging of the screen takes place, the bootlegger in the form of night club entertainers, publishers of risqué books, etc., will gobble off the fat of the profits.

CHARLES SEITZ, Jr., Salina, Kan.

Why can't the reformers realize that the people influence the movies, and not that movies influence the people?

MRS. CARL BICKELL, Salem, Ore.

A few years ago in a downtown theater a bomb was found. The guilty ones, when asked by the judge where they had learned to make a bomb, said, "From books in the Carnegie Library."

Some people were dumbfounded! For, of course, they had expected young people to get all such ideas from seeing movies!

MRS. N. W. WILLIAMS, Atlanta, Ga.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



Miriam Hopkins certainly *looks* like a nice girl. But some of her rôles have been naughty. So, her latest pictures have preferred positions on banned lists



Harold Lloyd has never had anything cut from his films by the censors. Here, with Grace Bradley in "The Cat's-Paw," Lloyd proves to reformers he's still being good

*The warmth of Sten! The brilliance of March! The genius of Tolstoy!
The vision of Mamoulian! The wizardry of Samuel Goldwyn!
... here truly is a romance of unforgettable beauty!*



ANNA STEN and FREDRIC MARCH

in
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
PRESENTATION OF

We Live Again

a ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
PRODUCTION

From the novel, "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

I have read modern novels which have shocked me with the gross immorality of their daring wording. Then I have seen the movies derived from these novels and been astounded by the totally clean products begotten from such sordid sources. Motion pictures, although they have handled extremely delicate themes, have not been immoral.

IRVIN CALLAHAN, Baltimore, Md.

The cry is, "These pictures should not be seen by our children! Ban them!" This is the only country I know of that believes in bringing the nation's mentality down to the level of a child's.

As for the reformers, the sad part is they are sincere in believing they have a right to say what you and I shall or shall not see.

J. S. HOOK, Washington, D.C.

Why not have pictures that are made specially for the children and limit the patrons of other pictures to adults?

ROBERT W. PETTIT, Freeport, N. Y.



Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable delighted many audiences in "It Happened One Night." But this picture has been branded "Objectionable in spots" by the reform movement

Thanks to The League of Decency, indecent motion pictures are on the wane and will in a short time have vanished entirely. Give us more movies like "Harold Teen" and "Melody in Spring."

WILLIAM F. WRIGHT, JR., Texarkana, Tex.

CHILDREN WHO CHOOSE

I believe every sensible person wants vulgarity and filth kept from the screen, just as we want it kept out of our schools and homes. But to accuse and attack the movies as a whole is unfair.

The movies play nursemaid to my youngsters, and they are devout movie fans. No, no, ye purity squad! Don't quake for their safety. They are taught at home to discriminate their actions as well as their associates.

O. P. COLEMAN, Memphis, Tenn.

To clean up the screen for me, give me talkies that will laugh and ridicule the reformers into silence, as Don Quixote did knight-errantry in Spain when it went too far. Pollyanna is dead!

JOHN E. THAYER, Cambridge, Mass.

I am in favor of this crusade to "clean up" the movies, but I think it is being stretched a little too far. After all, Box-Office is really our best censor. The public will go to see good,

entertaining films and stay away from those that are bad and worthless.

EDWARD GRIGGS, San Francisco, Calif.

Why make a slapstick comedy out of the drive for better films by throwing things at the producers? Why not lay the blame where it belongs—at the feet of the public? Films are made to please the public.

MRS. T. L. McNAMARA, El Dorado, Ark.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Ann Harding became a target when "The Life of Vergie Winters" was declared to be "not recommended"



Dolores Del Rio and Victor Jory here seem utterly oblivious to what the world thinks! But when "Madame DuBarry" was finished, it had to be virtually remade to meet the new moral code

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

**UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!**

**30 Stars of Screen
and Radio**
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ **Edmund Lowe** ★ **Ruth Etting**

★ GLORIA STUART
★ PHIL BAKER

★ Paul Lukas
★ Ethel Waters

★ Chester Morris
★ Alexander Woolcott

★ Douglass Montgomery
★ Binnie Barnes

★ Roger Pryor
★ Karloff

★ Gene Austin
★ Graham McNamee

★ Bela Lugosi
★ Alice White

★ June Knight
★ Victor Moore

★ Andy Devine
★ Hugh O'Connell

★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★ Sterling Holloway

★ Henry Armetta
★ Downey Sisters

★ Beal Street Boys
★ Douglas Fowley

★ Wini Shaw
★ Helen Vinson

★ Candy and Coco
★ Surprise Personality

**HEAR THESE SONG
HITS—**

"Talking to Myself."

"Blue Sky Avenue."

"I Ain't Gonna Sin No
More."

"Somebody Looks Good
To Me."

"Don't Let This Waltz
Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND

Screen play by RIAN JAMES

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

**A
UNIVERSAL
PICTURE**

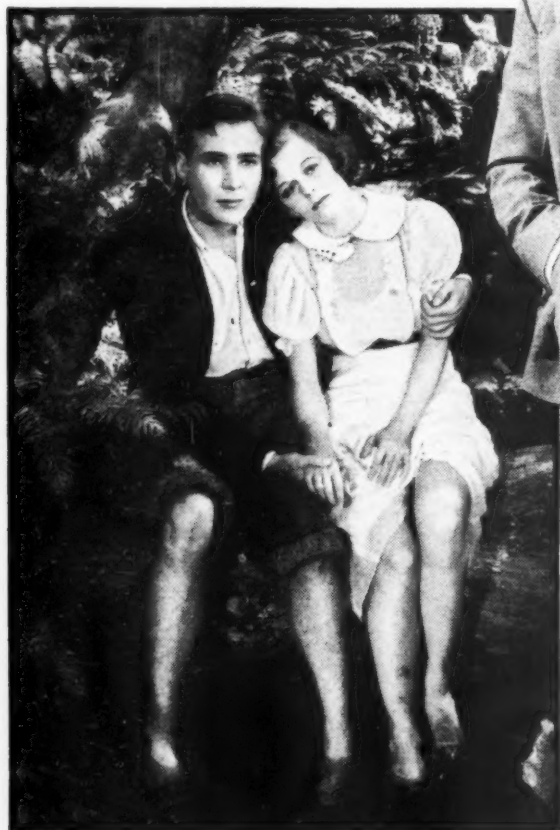
Brickbats & Bouquets

WHAT WILL THE REFORMERS' ANSWER BE?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

MISUSED SEX

The basic obligation of any art is to portray human character and life. Any sex fact or situation which truly mirrors life as an integral part of the story is justified, no matter how startling. Surely the youngsters are better off in contacting such facts artistically instead of smuttily, as most of us learned them,



Reformers have objected to some spots in the Margaret Sullivan-Douglass Montgomery hit, "Little Man, What Now?" Reason for protest: some scenes depict ladies of questionable character

in back alleyways. But the use of sex to bolster up an inherent weakness in a film should be condemned.

PAUL CHESHIRE, Portland, Ore.

GOOD AND BAD

Films have cultivated among thousands of young people a love for and interest in literature, the arts, history, more correct English, better diction and poise. They have stimulated things that are fine and beautiful. And while films, like most people, have weak spots and faults, mostly they are good.

SALLIE M. BALL, Marshall, N. C.



While several women are having censor trouble, George Raft is the only male star to get the rap from the purifiers. The reason, of course, is Raft's playing so many gangster rôles

STAGE STANDARDS

May the movement to clean up pictures tend to bring about better movies in every way!

I think it is only fair to ask motion pictures to maintain the highest standards of the legitimate stage and not turn our movie houses into burlesque shows.

MRS. W. NOBLE, Auburn, N. Y.

As for making all pictures suitable for children to see, I have read many splendid books which I would not want immature children to read. But I fail to see why I should curtail my reading for that reason.

M. B. M., Asheville, N. C.

If the public, through the Box-Office, shows an inclination toward pictures of a "more wholesome" type, the producers certainly will not hesitate in trying to give them what they desire.

LLOYD SMITH, Baltimore, Md.

PAGING SHAKESPEARE!

All in all, a "clean up the movies" campaign is a good thing. But those who are up in arms over the immorality of pictures should take a good, long look at Shakespeare, whose plays are filled with the identical vices shown on the screen today. Immorality in those days was something to get excited about! Yet, everyone is urged to see Shakespeare's plays.

MARY IRENE WOODRUFF, Charlestown, Mass.

I think about ninety-nine per cent of this criticism against movies is unjustified! The work of modern film producers is the best education one may procure at a small cost.

FLORENCE STREET, Chicago, Ill.

When they get through censoring the movies what will we have left? If you go down PHOTOPLAY's own list of "Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933," (August issue, page 102) twenty-five at least would now not be permitted, while changes in some of the others would be necessary.

ELAINE LEWIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Only last night I read this statement by a famous sociologist, "Education, sex education, is what is needed today to prevent the sex crimes that are sweeping our country."

The screen is a most effective way in which to teach sex-education.

P. L. RHODES, Wilmington, N. C.

As the wife of a small-town theater owner, I know that we can scarcely take in film rental on the so-called "good, clean" pictures, while we pack our house with a Mae West film.

MRS. RALPH MENEFFEE, Hoxie, Kan.



It was the gangster element, too, that put "Manhattan Melodrama," with William Powell and Myrna Loy, on the reformers' lengthy taboo lists

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

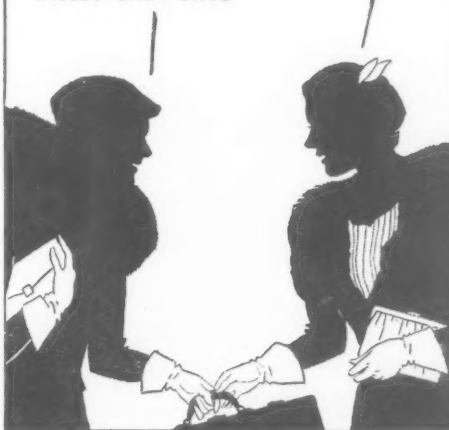
Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! I'M DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU — NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE AREN'T VERY NEIGHBORLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE

HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG



NEXT DAY —
Sue gets the "lowdown"

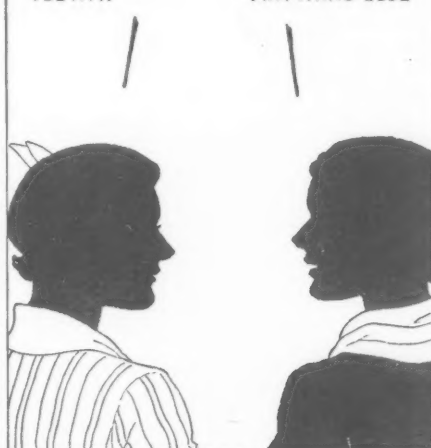
ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER IT IS ONLY, THAT SHE'S CARELESS

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS



A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL

THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBOUY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE



NEXT WEEK

OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBOUY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT

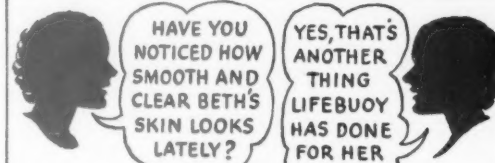
NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBOUY AT ONCE



"B.O." GONE —
appreciated at last!

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME

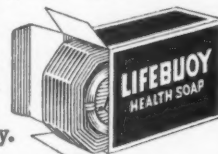
DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!



YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you safe? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the extra protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



Headaches that come at the end of the day



YOU COME HOME tired and depressed. Your head aches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the bloodstream. Your alkaline reserve is

made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients... each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your

medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the full name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation... are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.



BROMO-SELTZER

Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



Clarence Sinclair Bull

VIRGINIA BRUCE did right well by herself in her comeback picture, "Jane Eyre," even though she had been away from the screen for nearly two years. She was loaned

by M-G-M to Monogram for the film, M-G-M having renewed her contract on her return. Negotiations with other producers who are seeking the loan of Virginia are under way



Eugene Robert Richee

JOAN BENNETT and Francis Lederer practice their music lesson for Paramount's version of the New York stage hit, "The Pursuit of Happiness." And Joan and

Francis sing to the accompaniment of the clavichord, granddaddy to the piano. The action is during the Revolutionary War, and a piano would be a century ahead of its time

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
Kathryn Dougherty



WHEN a big job needs doing, usually along comes the right man to do it. While the cry for reform of motion pictures has been going up throughout the land, a revolution has been taking place within the inner circles of the industry itself.

In Hollywood sits Joe Breen, a crusading, determined Irishman, who has been delegated by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America to make a thorough, non-compromising clean-up of the screen and Breen is taking his mission with the grimmest seriousness. So is his superior, Will Hays.

Codes have been drawn up in the past, but supervisors, directors and others have shown a latitude at times in observing them. Perhaps we should not blame them much. Americans are notorious as a people for enacting and then forgetting laws. Besides, the making of a picture is an amazingly involved process—a score of persons influence its course. What comes out of the hopper is not always the idea that went in.

SINCE he became “czar” of the movies in 1922—in reality but a newspaper title—Will Hays has done much to keep the industry within bounds. But it must be remembered that Mr. Hays’ power is not absolute; he can only suggest or argue; he cannot command. Able and influential as he is, in the final analysis he is an employee of the motion picture industry. Yet without his guiding hand the industry would long ago have got into serious trouble. He has again and again set his foot down upon practices likely to bring unfavorable public reaction. I am pretty certain that had he had undisputed control the present wave of reform would not be rolling across the land.

BUT the producers have suddenly become submissive to the Hays influence. And that is why Joe Breen, in charge of studio relations, is watching every step of every film production like a hawk.

The reform is so wide sweeping that not a single foot of film may be released without Joe Breen’s stamp of approval.

This means that he first must have thoroughly read the story from which the script is to be made; that he must approve the script; that he or his representatives must see all the rushes as the production progresses; that he must recommend cuts and retakes where he thinks necessary; and that he must follow through every change. When the picture is ready for the theaters he must see the final print. Appeal is permitted, but the machinery for that is a new set-up altogether removed from the Hollywood studio heads. If the system doesn’t work it won’t be the fault of Will Hays or Joe Breen.

ANOTHER factor that has added fire to the conflagration now burning has been much of motion picture advertising. Unwise advertising has often made pictures appear objectionable. As long ago as November of last year an Advertising Advisory Council was formed, by resolution of the Board of Directors of the Hays organization. The purpose was to secure uniform interpretation of the industry's advertising code. J. J. McCarthy was charged with this responsibility.

The clean-up he has accomplished in advertising has really been quite surprising. Mr. McCarthy has shown what the industry can accomplish when it gives its full-hearted support to any movement over which it has control.

BUT there is another phase of the situation that is giving serious concern—a phase that long has irked the motion picture producers. A number of publications—chiefly magazines—have made it their business to print whatever they have deemed fit concerning motion pictures and motion picture players. Every pretense of a scandal, every rumor, is set forth in a manner that reeks of the scurrilous.

Brazen misrepresentations made about both actors and pictures give the public an impression that is very misleading and damaging. Obviously this cannot go on. I venture to prophesy that the producers will find a way to crack down upon the publications guilty of these offenses. PHOTOPLAY has never printed an untruthful or offensive article and I can promise that it never will.

IT is the greatest of all tributes to Marie Dressler to say that her appeal was universal. That is a stamp which has been placed upon but few human beings. It is the unmistakable sign of true greatness. I do not care what your status in life may be, of one thing I am certain: if you ever saw Marie Dressler on the screen she went straight to your heart. That was because the shining qualities that made her so beloved by everyone that knew her personally, were revealed—every word, gesture, and facial expression—in her film interpretations.

Sympathy and kindness are not unusual qualities, but too often they are based on a kind of indefinable weakness. Marie Dressler's understanding was rooted in character. I think it was the recognition of this strength behind her kindliness that won for her not only the love but the respect of the world.

CHARACTER can be faked but for a short time. Four years before the public is a prolonged acid test. And during that period of her great screen triumphs Marie Dressler did not reveal so much as a single flaw. From the moment she appeared in the rôle of the old broken-down woman in "Anna Christie" and we took her to our hearts, we recognized in her golden metal of the finest quality, quality that had been achieved in the fiery furnace of life.

Two years ago, revealing in PHOTOPLAY something of her philosophy, she said: "I know now that external things do not mean much and that human relationships are all that count. The road may look different, but it is the same road of life; the obstacles may have different names, but they are the same obstacles—and the goal is the same—happiness.

"Depression? I have lived a lifetime of depression, skating on thin ice among the rich and the poor. Nobody ever knew. Why should they? It was my business. What did it matter? If I could not possess things, I could own them with my mind and my heart and my imagination." (And what a mind and heart and imagination was she blessed with!)

A million human beings come and go, some of them making a great stir in the world. Some leave behind them a legacy of fear, of glittering grandeur, or of ruthless ambition. Marie left a far greater legacy: the respect, the tenderness and the love of us all.

The Most Exciting Woman in Hollywood

Movies once eluded her. Now Grace Moore stirs Filmdom as no actress has ever done before

By Barbara Shawn

NEVER has such a demonstration been experienced in Hollywood.

The audience literally carried Grace Moore from the theater, in a triumphant wave of enthusiasm. If a carriage had been waiting, they would have torn loose the horses and pulled it down Wilshire Boulevard!

Mary Pickford fought her way through to touch her hand, the tears of emotion damp on little Mary's face, her hat sitting comically on top of her head. Gloria Swanson ran from person to person, hysterically exclaiming, "And to think that all my life I've *tried* to be a prima donna!"

The mob stampeded to get one glimpse of Grace, shouts of "bravo" split the quiet Beverly Hills air, husband Valentin Parera saluted producer Harry Cohn on both cheeks (did Cohn blush!)—it was one big, happy riot!

It happened at a little neighborhood theater



"To health and love!" Grace Moore says they are the most precious things in life. But she is finding her triumph in "One Night of Love" very sweet, too! Her husband, Valentin Parera, Spanish actor, was a constant visitor on the set during the making of this thrilling comeback picture



at a preview of "One Night of Love," to a girl who made up her mind four years ago that it was *going* to happen—some day.

There were no "bravos" at her first picture debut. There was no departure in a blaze of glory. She had conquered the hyper-critical audiences of Europe and the Metropolitan Opera, but Hollywood had eluded her. In spite of three seasons with the Metropolitan, of her incomparable voice, her rich background—Grace was not a success in her first two pictures made at M-G-M, "A Lady's Morals," and "New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett.

Arriving directly from the operatic stage, she was too overweight to photograph well. "Because then," she explains impishly, "it was the fond theory that all singers had to be fat—a theory now entirely outmoded. When I reduced later without the least damage to my voice and gained a lot more nervous energy, Gatti-Cazzaza [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

BACK *to the* FARM

Hollywood's new craze is husbandry (which means agriculture and not matrimony.)

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

QUICK—back to the farm! Grab the first bus, train, plane or passing wheelbarrow. If you want to keep up with the latest, hottest, newest Hollywood craze, get yourself a pair of blue jeans, grab up a stray pitchfork and heave-ho for the hay mow.

Because Hollywood has gone farm crazy and nothing can stop it. Extras, actors, producers, supervisors (the latter, quite a little dazed by it all, keep asking just where they are going and why they must carry two pigs under their arms) are rushing out to buy up farms, ranches, orchards, countryside acres—anything for a chance to get back to the soil. It's the biggest trend since the Cherokee-strip land rush, and dozens of swanky interior decorators have hoisted signs reading, "Classy Tops for Covered Wagons."

Oh, Suzanna!

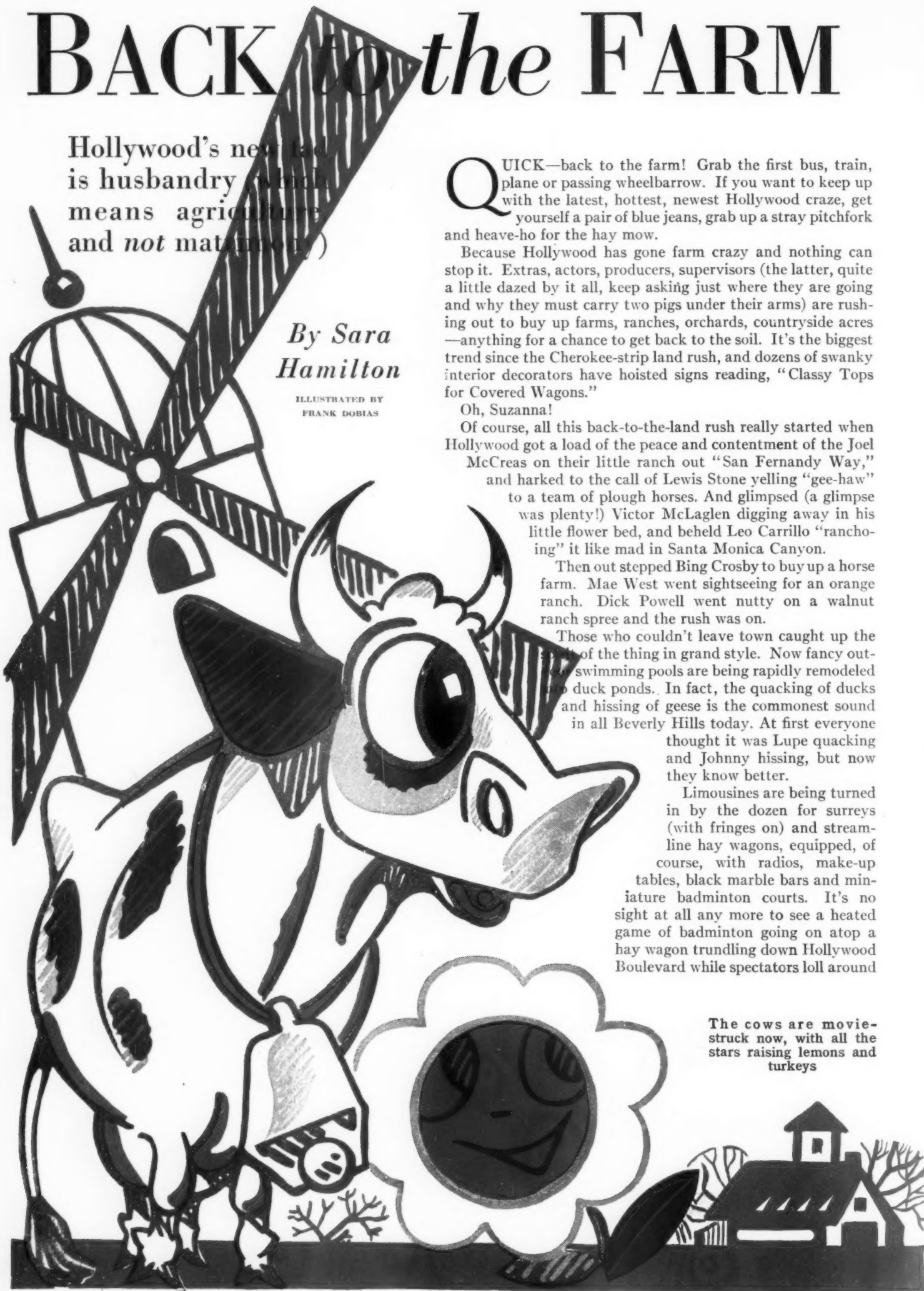
Of course, all this back-to-the-land rush really started when Hollywood got a load of the peace and contentment of the Joel McCreas on their little ranch out "San Fernandy Way," and harked to the call of Lewis Stone yelling "gee-haw" to a team of plough horses. And glimpsed (a glimpse was plenty!) Victor McLaglen digging away in his little flower bed, and beheld Leo Carrillo "ranching" it like mad in Santa Monica Canyon.

Then out stepped Bing Crosby to buy up a horse farm. Mae West went sightseeing for an orange ranch. Dick Powell went nutty on a walnut ranch spree and the rush was on.

Those who couldn't leave town caught up the rest of the thing in grand style. Now fancy outdoor swimming pools are being rapidly remodeled into duck ponds. In fact, the quacking of ducks and hissing of geese is the commonest sound in all Beverly Hills today. At first everyone thought it was Lupe quacking and Johnny hissing, but now they know better.

Limousines are being turned in by the dozen for surreys (with fringes on) and stream-line hay wagons, equipped, of course, with radios, make-up tables, black marble bars and miniature badminton courts. It's no sight at all any more to see a heated game of badminton going on atop a hay wagon trundling down Hollywood Boulevard while spectators loll around

The cows are movie-struck now, with all the stars raising lemons and turkeys



in the hay, sipping hard cider cocktails from old oaken buckets.

Golf courses are becoming cow pastures overnight with the cry, "Soo-Bossy, Soo-Bossy," supplanting the cry of "Fore, you ——!"

Summer houses and play-rooms are being done over by Willie Haines into simply elegant barns with white satin walls and muslin trimmed cow stalls (you should see the look on the cows' faces). Ducky orchid-hued elevators run up to the hay lofts, where only the best people are found these days.

Invitations to really swank affairs today read: "You're invited to a horseshoe pitchin', gol darn it, down to Bing Crosby's old horse farm. Take the 'San Diegy' pike past Lew Stone's potater patch until you come to Mae West's silo. After that it's up to you."

All these houses, of course, are equipped with hot and cold running water, and chromium-lined butter churns are the last word.

NIGHT clubs are converted into Little Red School Houses at the rate of one club a day. For the first time, several Hollywood movie moguls are (to their childish delight) discovering the difference between hen tracks and writing.

Adrian is sewing night and day, turning out little Maud Muller costumes that consist of a wisp of brassière and cloth of gold shorts. Purple toe-nails go with these, of course. And what's more, Adrian predicts the return of the sunbonnet and the traveling salesman.

Hens' nests are being designed by the best Hollywood designers with typical Hollywood touches. One farmer reports one of his hens went completely Hollywood in her little love nest and laid twenty eggs that immediately opened and (surprise, surprise!) twenty little Bus Berkeley cuties leaped out and went into a farmer-ette's routine that threw the cows into some kind of mooing fits. The girls went right into their dance, singing "We Are Little Ruby Keeler Milk Maids," and swung their milk pails (pails by Travis Banton), and danced up and down the silos (also by Banton). The cows went into the center formation that should have been photographed looking down from the windmill, flipping their tails like mad —so that the ensemble looked like a sunflower opening to greet the dawn.

But that was nothing, just nothing, they say, to what happened over on the Ted Healy stooge farm. It seems Ted has gone in for stooge-raising and goes about with a little sprinkling can, singing,

"Sprinkle little baby stooges

In the noon day sun;

Peep up your little half-cracked heads,

You simple sons of guns."

Jimmy Durante, poor [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Bus Berkeley girls are milkmaids in Hollywood today. When a hen laid twenty eggs, there hatched a whole chorus array



She *Was* The Noblest

MARIE DRESSLER is gone.

But, as long as the world loves to laugh, with a sprinkling of tears in that laughter, her name will live in its memory.

Marie did not belong to this or any other one generation. She was as young as eternal youth and as mellow with rich experience as all maturity. One of her proudest little boasts was that she had lived to entertain the grand-

children, and even the great-grandchildren, of the men and women who had laughed over her songs and antics in the days of carriages and gas-lighted theaters and "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

Marie faced death as she had faced life, fearlessly. For three years she had known that she was suffering from an incurable disease. But she had met poverty and disappointment and heart-break without flinching. So she met pain and illness with a smile which refused to be dimmed. No one, except the few who were closest to her, knew the hours of agony which Marie suffered behind the closed doors of her own home.

A tribute to beloved Marie Dressler by one of her dearest friends

On the night that "Christopher Bean," her last picture, was previewed, Marie insisted on going to the neighborhood theater where it was shown. She had made that picture only by the sheer force of her indomitable will to work and she wanted to see, with her own eyes, the reaction of a living audience.

After the preview, Marie was mobbed in the lobby and on the sidewalk by an admiring, affectionate crowd. In spite of the protests of her friends, she stood for more than an hour, laughing and talking and autographing books and scraps



Of all Marie Dressler's popular film performances, the public and critics probably liked her best in "Min and Bill," with Wallace Beery



All the world truly was her stage, and mourns the gallant troupier whose career spanned generations. Her character exalted her profession

The sensational "rediscovery" of a once brilliant stage star: The "Anna Christie" talkie (1930) rescued Miss Dressler from long eclipse

Lady of Them All

By
Eleanor
Packer

of paper. Afterward, she collapsed in her car, white-faced with the excitement and exertion.

"It makes me mad to think that I can't stand up under a little thing like that," she said with a sparkle of fire in her tired, blue eyes. "I wouldn't have disappointed those people for anything in the world. They had waited to see me. I would have been an ungrateful old fool if I had slipped out a side door, as the folks from the studio wanted me to do. Those people are my friends. I owe everything I am to them. And I'll do my share as long as I can stand on my two feet."

That was the fighting, gallant spirit which carried Marie through the long, hard, worried years until she reached her final triumph in motion pictures. That was the unconquerable courage which forced her to open her eyes during the last hours of her life, to smile hopefully into the faces of her friends, gathered in heart-broken anxiety at her bedside, and to whisper gratefully, "Everyone is so good to me."

Marie found her greatest joy, during the last months of her life, in the friends whom she knew and in the messages from the thousands of friends whom she had never seen. Every day, until almost the last, Marie was lifted against a pile of soft pillows so that she could look through the letters and gifts which poured in from every part of the world. Again and again she took off her glasses to brush away the tears in her eyes.

Though ill, Miss Dressler attended the preview of her last film, "Christopher Bean," and stood for over an hour, besieged by admirers



Marie in "Tillie Wakes Up" (1917), a slapstick comedy. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" was a hit, but she was soon out of films



The farewell appearance of the most popular star in motion pictures. The beloved Miss Dressler in "Christopher Bean," with Lionel Barrymore

"I don't know what I've done to deserve all this," she said, her voice trembling with gratitude. "I must get well so that I can show everyone my appreciation."

When the entire country joined in the celebration of Marie's sixty-second birthday last November, Marie refused to consider it as a personal tribute.

"It is not Marie Dressler whom they are honoring," she explained, "it is the profession which I represent. At last, after all the years in which they have been treated as mountebanks, or disregarded—except when they were needed—the men and women of the stage are coming into the respect which they deserve. If I have done any little thing to help us reach that place of dignity, I am proud and happy."

Marie probably did more than any other one person to elevate the stage and screen to their rightful places in the respect and admiration of the world. A profession to which Marie Dressler belonged must have dignity and stability. Because Marie so thoroughly represented those qualities. She was one of the first to step over the deep chasm between the social world and the colorful, whispered-about realm of the theater. She glorified the profession of entertainment by the wholesome, generous wealth of her own proud dignity.

The men and women of the theater, whom she has so honored, as well as the men and women to whom she has given laughter and pleasure, owe Marie a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

Marie spent several days in rest and seclusion before that birthday dinner, gathering strength for the excitement of the evening. Even so long ago as last November, Marie's illness was rapidly wearing down her vast store of vital energy. Dressed in white and wearing at her shoulder the snowy orchids

which were the gift of her friend, Will Rogers, Marie was driven to the side entrance of the huge sound stage which had been transformed into a dining and dancing room. The words "Happy Birthday, Marie," were spelled in red roses against the velvet draperies behind the speakers' table.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 402]

GARBO

Starts

Her New


Picture

"TAKE 1"—which means the first scene in Greta's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "The Painted Veil." The first call of "Camera!" for a Garbo picture is always a thrilling second. This time it stirred more excitement, more speculation than ever before. The great Swedish star's M-G-M contract ends with this production. What will she do? What will M-G-M do? Well, perhaps much depends on the public's verdict. Is Garbo still the queen? Will the public like the adaptation of this Somerset Maugham novel, about man's battle against cholera in the Chinese interior, and a woman starved for love through her doctor-husband's zeal for his work? It should, for Garbo never fails. The great one, as *Katherine Koeber*, is displaying some silk stockings to her sister, *Olga*, who is preparing for her honeymoon. The sister rôle, second most important in the picture, was coveted by many of Hollywood's younger actresses, but finally entrusted to Cecilia Parker, just graduating from Westerns and serials. Richard Boleslavsky, directing Garbo for the first time, reclines on the floor in his worn leather jacket, with his inevitable pipe. William Daniels, head cameraman for the celebrated Scandinavian in all her American pictures, sits pensively on the step-ladder, left foreground. His assistant, Al Lane, is at the camera controls. (The electrician, standing in the background, also has worked on all of Garbo's productions.) All of the sets for "The Painted Veil" were constructed on stilts, as this photograph reveals. The set has a ceiling, which is unusual from a scenic angle.—Photo. by Milton Brown





Do WE WANT



vaudeville, the pool room, beer parlor and saloon then were standard forms of recreation. Occasionally a "legitimate" stage show came to town. That was about all the average American community could boast of in the way of organized entertainment.

The younger generation knows little of these oft-repeated facts, except through hearsay; the older generation seems to have forgotten them. Monotony made town and village life of only yesterday, if not dreary, at least uninteresting.

There was little for respectable citizens to do when the day was over except to sit on the front porch, or wander on Saturday night with the crowd up and down Main Street. Most lights were out before the night was well begun.

The pool rooms, livery stables, saloons, and even the barber shops were breeding spots of vice. Young men ganged on corners and annoyed women and girls passing by with their leers and their comments. Girls sat at home peering from behind lace curtains, longing, rather than hoping, for something to happen. And sometimes it did.

Bright spots lurked just beyond the edge of town—dance halls, where young men dashed up in their buggies behind high-stepping trotters, with their girls. And drinks were freely served. "Nice girls" were not supposed to go to such places, but then as now impatient youth was often careless or reckless. Many a scandal was wafted over back fences of quiet streets lined with rows of majestic elms.

It was an age of repression and—hypocritically—of innocence. Underneath, that ole debbil, human nature, was rarin' to go, and often did.

Compare the past of one of those towns with its present. The pool rooms are uncurtained. You can see through to the rear walls. So, too, with the bars that have replaced the ancient saloons. The few words you will hear in the barber shop are as sanitary as the equipment. Street corner loungers are scarce. There is little aimless walking or foregathering. The brightly illuminated motion picture theaters have absorbed the throngs. And the long lines of parked cars tell where families are spending the evening.

AT the present time motion pictures are on trial. They are under a barrage of criticism such as perhaps was never before directed against a major industry. It is one of the most amazing phenomena in history. Seventy million people who have been weekly patrons of the twenty-odd thousand theaters in the land are suddenly asked to question their greatest amusement; to reject much of what they had come to accept as legitimate entertainment.

Half the present population of the United States had not been born when motion pictures came into recognition as a new form of entertainment. The burlesque and

CENSORSHIP ?

The old question of what to do was solved for the town with the appearance of the first motion picture theater. It brought something to amuse, interest and feed the mind. It provided a place to go. It made contact with the outside world to the remotest spot in every continent. It brought new think-

ing, new living, new manners, new ways of dressing, of speaking. The motion picture, as it developed into a fine art, became one of the greatest revolutionizing forces that history has ever known.

It has comforted our loneliness, lightened our burdens, brought us forgetfulness or solace in our sorrows. It has heightened our happiness, and increased our laughter. It has helped solve our problems and made us better men and women.

In its twenty years of existence PHOTOPLAY Magazine has received over six million letters from its readers. And among those letters there have been thousands that come straight from the heart. "I have been blind for thirty years," one man writes, "but, thank God, my sense of hearing is acute, and a talkie gives me a pleasant evening of entertainment. From the words I visualize action and actors."

"I lost a son," says a woman. "and there is one young actor on the screen who is so reminiscent of him in appearance, speech, and gesture that for the brief hour the picture lasts I am almost convinced I have my boy with me again."

"I had a quarrel with my husband, and we did not look at each other until the film was half over. A sentimental scene found our hands reaching for each other."

Others write they are "toned up for a day," acquire a "broader, more tolerant view of life," find their hearts softened toward their enemies, resolve to take better care of their parents, or just have "a good, all around time."

And yet, in spite of the great good motion pictures have done and are doing, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, they should receive the attention of reformers.

It is no indictment of the motion picture industry to say that the most surprising thing about this great clean-up wave is not that it should now arrive, but

A far more serious menace threatens pictures than the present movement for reform

By Kathryn Dougherty

that it has been so long in arriving. The deep, underlying Puritanical strain that began with our colonies has never left us. At heart — no matter what superficial indications may be — we

are suspicious of even the appearance of departure from a strict moral code.

The flood of gangster pictures of yesterday were dubiously regarded by many broad-minded citizens because, so they said, if not actually inciting to crime, they might dull the public conscience toward crime. As a matter-of-fact, producers were merely transferring to the screen faithful replicas of one phase of our national life. And the public, as a whole, made no protest.

Hard on the trail of gangster films came another flood more equivocal, perhaps, in its effects, but in the minds of moralists possibly all the more questionable for that reason — sexy, sophisticated films, dialogue with double entendre, heroines none too virtuous, heroes none too honorable. Around such pictures as these the clouds of censure began to gather; but still the storm did not break.

It was argued that the typical American novel, the typical American play, went much farther than did these films, and that indeed such pictures were but sections from the daily lives of many; that the screen was but a mirror that reflected in considerable measure contemporary American life. Such arguments, however, could not stave off the inevitable; the tempest of screen reform finally was upon us.

The producers believe in all sincerity that their pictures have contributed nothing to anybody's moral delinquency; that if a theater-goer walks out with evil in his mind, he brought that evil in with him; that he would go wrong whether or not he ever saw a picture. And in that belief I think there is much truth.

However, there can be no question that not infrequently they have overstepped the bounds of good taste; that they have permitted scenes, dialogues and jokes that are objectionable *per se*. And because of these offenses motion pictures are undergoing a drastic purging.

As a consequence, today they are taking a terrific loss. Millions of dollars are tied up in stories, scenarios, or films that can never be released; other films are being remade at tremendous cost. Producers have been selling the public films that the box-office receipts emphatically stated the public wanted.

The great question now in the producers' minds is: How will the public like the new film fare? For, with plots and situations reminiscent of the less sophisticated days of pictures, what assurance have they that they

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

CAL YOR K Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

THEY are looking upon the Gary Cooper-Sandra Shaw Eastern vacation trip as another victory of the sweet social graces over the rugged Cooper yearn for the open spaces.

The first one was Gary's capitulation and abandonment of his beloved Van Nuys ranch for a palatial Beverly Hills mansion. Then it was understood that the first vacation trip would be *a la* Gary—out into the mountains on some kind of hunt or other.

BUT lo!—arriveth ye vacation and it's the man that pays and pays. The Coopers are now in the very social atmosphere of Long Island where the only bit of wild life to please the eye of the former "cattle-rasser" is a lone and confused migratory duck flying over the marshes.

It's said that Sandra has suggested that Gary appease his urge for the outdoors by a fishing trip in Florida waters aboard her stepfather's yacht—but what is a fish to a guy who has shot lions?

WILL ROGERS makes the following sage observation: A girl may wear a bathing-suit when she can't swim, a riding habit when she can't ride—but when she puts on a wedding gown, she means business.

IN her first scene with Garbo in "The Painted Veil," little Cecilia Parker who plays her sister, was no more nervous than the great



A sextet of important screen talent: Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg, his wife, Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Ernest Vajda, playwright. The occasion of the gathering was the house-warming party that Ernst Lubitsch gave upon opening his new, palatial Spanish home

Pett Kelton says it's fun to reduce when swimming is part of the routine. Pert recently went to Catalina Island on a reducing vacation, and a vigorous daily swim was on the get-thin schedule. Miss Kelton is currently delighting movie audiences with her comedy rôle in RKO-Radio's "Bachelor Bait"

Garbo herself. Greta was supposed to unhook Cecilia's wedding gown, and help her lift it over her head.

Garbo didn't get all the hooks undone, and in the ensuing struggle, it looked as if Cecilia would be imprisoned for good.

She choked and sputtered, and Greta worked feverishly at the hooks, murmuring agitatedly, "I'm so sorry."

IT would seem a certainty that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., intends to spend the rest of his natural life as a Britisher, in that he has turned down at least two lucrative Hollywood movie offers.

It is also rumored he is selling his holdings here.

What with Doug, Sr., buying a monocle. Wonder if he brought it back with him?

JOSEF VON STERNBERG tells this story on himself. (The man's human, after all!) As he was leaving a Hollywood restaurant the other eve, several autograph hunters bore down on him, led by a small girl. "Sorry," he said, "I can't write."

The girl looked him over coolly, and remarked, "I thought as much, after seeing your pictures!"

A YOUNG lady sent Dick Powell a letter full of lip-rouge kisses—and her name. No need for words!

Hollywood Goings-On!



WILLIAM POWELL, that high-powered escort he's turned out to be, was squiring a lovely girl the other night at a well-known restaurant, gathering place of the stars. At a nearby table, facing him, was Judith Wood, who also has been getting a lot of attention lately from Bill. Well, Judith spent the evening pulling faces at Bill every time he leaned over to talk to the latest "heart." But really, Judith isn't bothered. Because Douglass Montgomery is around quite a bit, with that romantic look in his eye.

IT is interesting that Gloria Swanson has been elected to play—and sing—opposite John Boles in "Music in the Air," the Jerome Kern operetta Fox is producing. Gloria gave John his first opportunity in the movies in one of her pictures.

CLARK GABLE and Director Clarence Brown were discussing a mutual friend.

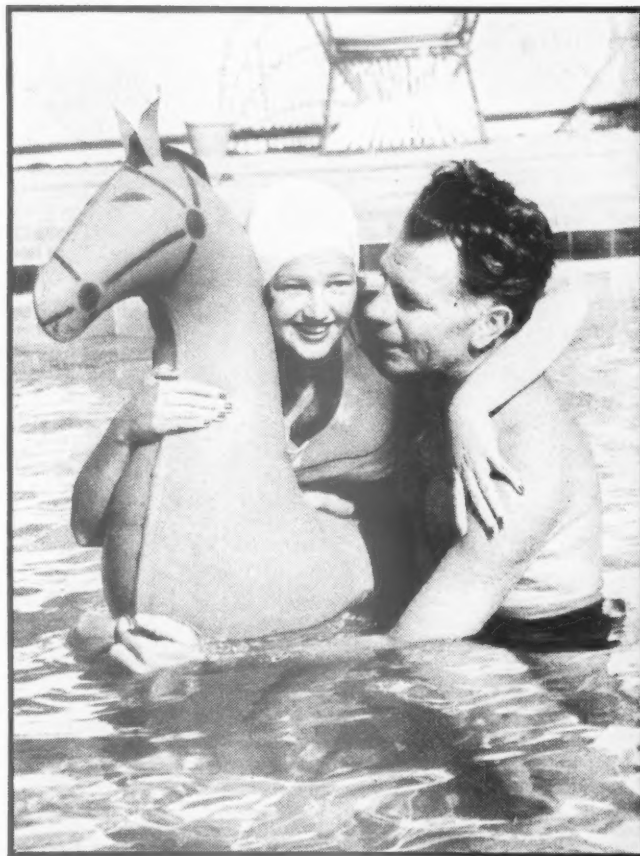
"Did Bill complete his education?" asked Brown.

"Not yet," said Clark. "He's still a bachelor."

GRETA GARBO has a new coiffure, which you'll see in "The Painted Veil." It's an improvement on her well-known long bob. Look right behind the ears and you'll see two strands brought up, one from each side, to form a band—ribbon-like—across the top of the

Looks like an M-G-M reunion! Chevalier has just contracted with Metro; Gloria, though being loaned to Fox for "Music in the Air," will return to Metro; Miss Shearer has just finished "The Barretts"; Mr. Marshall is in "The Painted Veil," and Vajda did the screen story for "The Barretts"

The horse is patient enough, but Arline Judge can't seem to get aboard. Not even with the help of her husband, Wesley Ruggles. Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles and the rubber horse were initiating the swimming pool at their new Beverly Hills home when the cameraman got this chummy shot of them



famous head. Fastened with invisible hairpins, and unbraided, it will look as if it has been trained in the position.

Get to work with a mirror and you can beat Greta to the punch.

ALICE FAYE is just like the little old lady who very carefully dresses herself in her best whenever she leaves the house—in case of accident she'll not be embarrassed.

Alice, before going to bed nights, dons a fresh, frilly nightie, ties a new ribbon about her blonde locks, dabs on the mascara and lipstick, says her prayers—and so to bed, ready for fire or earthquake. Alice is particularly afraid of the latter.

In fact, her new home is of wood construction, supposed to be safest, in case—

Incidentally, or maybe not incidentally, Alice is oh, such a good girl at the studio—so she can get off every Thursday between four and five—to listen to the Vallee broadcast.

ONE of the most lavish soirees of the past calendar stretch was Junior Laemmle's masque ball in honor of Director Mervyn LeRoy and his bride, Doris Warner. The merriment lasted until dawn.

Two famous stars were not there—but still they dominated the party.

Mae West and Greta Garbo don't go in for such whing-ding—but there were more West and Garbo impersonations and costumes there than any other!

HERE'S a deep-dyed secret for you, girls. Clara Bow's flaming hair is not naturally red. It's brown.

THIS was to be expected—since the twins.

His pals now call him "Bing-Bing" Crosby, and the twins, "Bang" and "Boom."



Eddie G. Robinson and family, little Eddie, Mrs. Robinson (standing), and Jeanne, her daughter by a former marriage, taking the sun on the lawn of their Beverly Hills home. Eddie is known as one of Hollywood's proudest fathers. And this picture seems to prove it's true. The baby is just seventeen months old

An excellent day on the links for an autograph hound when four stars of the films go out to shine at golf. From left to right, Johnny Weissmuller, Bruce Cabot, Richard Arlen, and Adolphe Menjou, walking along the fairway. We don't know who won, but of the four serious gentlemen, Adolphe is the most grim



IS it anything more than a coincidence that shortly following Kay Francis' departure for Europe, Maurice Chevalier announced plans for a quick trip to open his villa at Cannes?

Kay and the personable Gaul have long been said to be more than just professionally interested in each other, although Kay denied that when she sailed. Yet, both plan to be in England during the same weeks.

IN Francis Lederer's new dressing-room at Paramount there's but one signed picture of Steffi Duna (supposedly the heart), one of Marlene Dietrich—and three of Joan Crawford!

IT was a typical Will Rogers suggestion, the one he made to Irvin S. Cobb. Irvin has been having plenty of fun in his own right in bragging about taking over Greta Garbo's beach house. So, Will up and told Irvin he ought to change his name to Cobbo.

YEARS ago, Mae West's father, Jack West, was the idol of prize-fight followers in New York. He was then a contender for the welter-weight ring title.

The other day Jack and daughter Mae strolled into a popular Hollywood dining rendezvous, and were greeted with tumultuous applause. West, elder, pinched his daughter's arm.

"You see?" he expanded. "They haven't forgotten me."

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was safe on the boat at last, what a sigh of relief Joseph M. Schenck must have heaved. He was always for a reconciliation between Mary and Doug.

Perhaps it was his wishing that sent Doug back to America. Mr. Schenck was so happy over his engagement to Merle Oberon, British actress, he wanted everyone else to do likewise.

HERE'S an item about "45 Minutes in Hollywood," the Borden radio hour Thursday nights at ten o'clock. You know, that Borden program is my week's moment. I wouldn't miss it for a date with—well, anyhow, I wouldn't miss it. So many interesting bits happen in the studio.

You heard Jack Smart impersonate Victor McLaglen—many have written me about the thrills. Jack was telling Vic's life story. You remember the scene where he was in a tomb—way out in the wilds of Egypt.

The technicians wanted to make a voice sound sepulchral—just as if it was coming from a tomb.

Everything was tried—talking through the wrong end of a megaphone—through cheese cloth, and a lot of other tricks. They just didn't work—until Jack—smart—"Little" Jack, scales something like three hundred—ambled in with a huge pasteboard carton and smacked it over his own head. Then he took the microphone and shoved it up under the carton and muffled his voice. You remember the voice—more sepulchral than a tomb!

WHATEVER the reconciliation between Lupe and her *Tarzan* Weissmuller, the fact remains, Johnny turned down a part in "The Girl Friend" (no less), starring wife Lupe Velez.

CONNIE BENNETT'S friends say it is true that she'll return from her European jaunt no longer a Marquise. Anyhow, just when the Marquis Henri started for Hollywood from far distant parts, Connie started packing.

WHEN Virginia Pine Lehman packed up and went to New York, many of the wisecracks regarded it as a cooling of the romance between herself and George Raft. But Virginia said that George hadn't his divorce yet, and she needed some stage experience before attempting an ambitious screen rôle.

AN actor friend was about to introduce Jimmy Cagney to his wife. "But I know your wife already," Jimmy smiled. "I knew her before you married her."

"That's where you have the advantage of me," cracked the friend, "I didn't."



Family reunion. Alice Brady affectionately greets her father, William A. Brady, noted theatrical producer, who came to the Coast to visit his famous actress-daughter



It's rarely you see a picture of Marlene with her husband and daughter, Maria. The Siebers were attending a concert. When Miss Dietrich turned, at the end of a number, to comment to her husband, *fuff!*—the camera-man's bulb flashed, and the photograph was made. Marlene was startled!

Wedding bells again for Gloria! Just two months after a divorce from sculptor Blair Gordon Newell, the beautiful Miss Stuart tripped down to Mexico and became the wife of Arthur Sheekman, a scenario writer. Mr. Sheekman has collaborated on several of Eddie Cantor's scripts



GLORIA STUART, now the wife of Arthur Sheekman, the writer, told me in great confidence that she and Arthur would be one quicker than PHOTOPLAY could be printed. Being an old skeptic, I raised a well-trained right eyebrow. They were married just a week later.

AT four P. M., Director Norman McLeod was discovered to be in bed. A total collapse, we were informed.

It seems he arose early, gay as a lark, and had his first bout with a new physical instructor.

Dressed, lasted through breakfast—staggered back to bed. The instructor was *too* good.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Latest romantic rumors are teaming Douglass Montgomery and Judith Wood. Certainly they seem to be having a good time partying together at the Fifty-Fifty Club



Helen's mother, Mrs. Regina Mack, had what it takes to be a child star's mother. Today, with greater screen success ahead, she is still Helen's adviser and guide

Not A Minute of Childhood

Helen Mack has no regrets. But she would not let a daughter of hers become a child actress

By Julie Lang Hunt



At six Helen entertained the neighbors with imitations. At seven her mother put her on the stage

"PROMISE me there won't be a line of self-pity in this story."

This admonition came at the end of my interview with Helen Mack—an interview devoted to a childhood lost while taking the jumps that sometime lead to fame.

"I don't regret a minute of it. I would do it all over again, including every sacrifice. I am glad my mother took destiny into her own hands and turned out a child actress."

This observation came at the beginning of my interview with Helen Mack.

"I would never let a daughter of mine do it. I would never permit her to set foot on a motion picture set or on the stage until she is quite done with childhood, with dolls—and later—with boys and college."

This acknowledgment came during my interview with Helen Mack.

At twenty, an established screen actress, with a substantial Paramount contract, and thirteen years of stage and picture experience, Helen directs all credit to her mother.

If she can't recall much of dolls or nursery rhymes, she can suavely reminisce with her directors on Gloria Swanson's rendition of "Zaza," and how she, Helen, learned during that picture to cry on a minute's command. And just in case you like dates and figures, Helen was eight years old when she played with Swanson in "Zaza."

If there isn't even a dim recollection of "dressing up in mother's clothes," of a favorite school chum, or of raids on the cookie jar, Helen can conjure up pictures of herself at seven, entering the forbidding offices of theatrical agents, chanting the litany of Broadway, "Is there anything for me today?"

A childhood was traded in for a make-up box, and a girlhood

was swapped for a vaudeville tour, but Helen says it was worth it. She got the best of the deal—but the same deal won't do for *her* child.

Helen was born in Rock Island, Illinois, and her leap from the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the Hudson happened something like this.

Mrs. Regina Mack's life was tinted by a footlight fixation. But she married early, settled down in a neat white house and copied French dresses for Helen when she came along.

When Mrs. Mack discovered her four-year-old mimicking Marguerite Clark after a movie matinée, she decided on the spot that her child had that something from which stage stars are made, and from that moment Helen's future was clinched.


But what to do with a child-genius in the Middle West? Mrs. Mack had never met an actor in her life and hadn't the vaguest notion of how one goes about presenting a prodigy to the world at large. So Helen was presented to the neighbors. She did bits of Francis

X. Bushman, to the delight of Mrs. McGillicuddy down the street, and dashes of Kathleen Williams for the admiring O'Briens across the road. The child was a wonder, the neighborhood agreed, and Mrs. Mack seethed with ambitions for her offspring.


When Helen was seven, and her repertoire of imitations had extended to Clara Kimball Young and Bessie Barriscale, Rock Island was thrown into a ferment [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]




AS a belle of the Mid-Victorian period, Julie Haydon makes a lovely picture. The gown, fashionable in the eighteen-seventies, is a confection of green taffeta with lace ruffles. Julie wears it in "The Age of Innocence," RKO-Radio's screen adaptation of Edith Wharton's famous novel, with John Boles and Irene Dunne in the leading rôles



Leslie Howard and Kay Francis
in the leading rôles (he in the
title part) of Warner's version
of the novel, "British Agent"



"British Agent" recalls the gory nightmare of
proletarian Russia throwing off the oppression of
centuries and pouring through the streets in
armed hordes, venting hatred on overlords.
Through it all, the British agent watches for a
chance to further his scheme. His job is to keep
the Russians in the trenches, harassing the Ger-
mans from the East. The Allies must have time
to weld the millions of eager young Americans
into an irresistible battering-ram for democracy



The agent seeks
relief from the
strain of waiting
at a Gypsy tavern.
Here we see (left
to right) Phillip
Reed, Howard,
Mariana Schubert,
William Gargan,
Cesar Romero

The voices of the
nation's new lead-
ers keep the Rus-
sian populace at
a fanatical pitch.
Share, comrades,
share alike, Lenin
tells them. The
picture abounds
in colorful scenes



Here he was, now in Russia, as undercover man for the British government. And his first assignment was to attend a ball, when he knew that Russia was a powder mine—with the fuse already lit. Action was imperative! Yet he (Leslie Howard) talks calmly to *Lady Carrister* (Doris Lloyd), exchanging social chit-chat. Both in center



His government had said if he was caught, it would not help him. He was caught, betrayed by the girl he loved. He hears this from the *Commissioner* (J. Carrol Naish), on the right. But he still hasn't played all his cards



She (Kay Francis) loved the British agent deeply, but Russia more. She dupes his pal (William Gargan) and learns his hideout, that he might be shot down

With representatives of two other governments (left, Phillip Reed; right, William Gargan), the British agent (Leslie Howard) cunningly lays his plots





STAGE, radio and screen meet on a movie set to combine their talents for picture making. These four entertainers, left to right, are: Victor Moore, Broadway veteran; Ruth Etting, of radio fame; Alice White, film actress, and Phil Baker, radio and musical comedy favorite. They met at the Universal Studio to begin work on "Gift of Gab"

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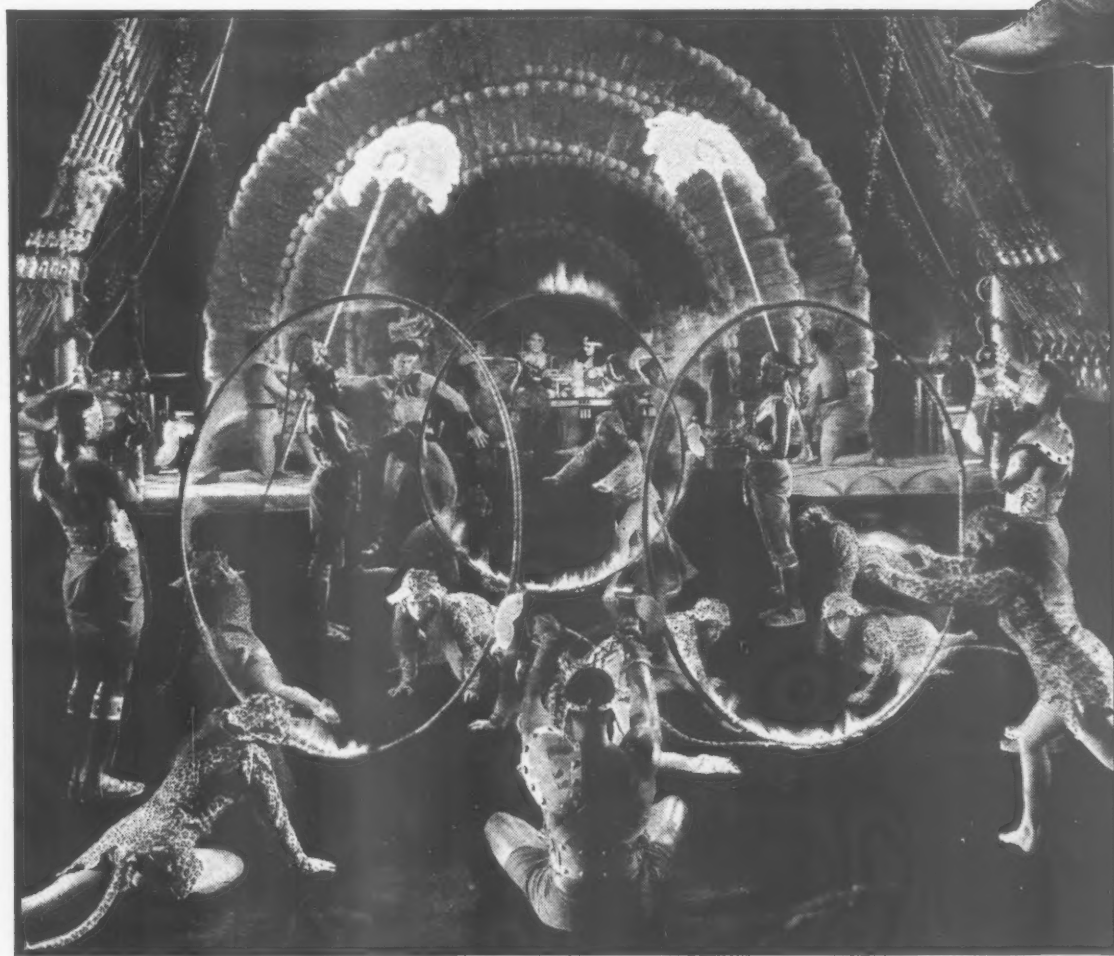
How I Make A Spectacle

The directorial wizard gives us a "look-in" on his super-showmanship

By Cecil B. DeMille



Master of detail! DeMille, indefatigable in research, is ever alert in his direction. He knows what he wants



Egypt's Queen entertains Antony with a leopard dance (a typical DeMille revel) in "Cleopatra." Many men work many months, preparing such a spectacle

TO begin with, when I make a spectacle it is not merely the work of a few months of research and study, it is the product of twenty years' experience in motion pictures. The staff assisting me has been with me over a period of many years, and those in the audience with keen eyes will catch in the crowds on the screen many faces familiar in my pictures for two decades.

A spectacle cannot be made by one man alone—it is a combination of the work of dozens of people whose concentrated effort over a period of months—years, really—brings to life all the color and authority of an era in the world's history.

period in which these great lovers lived. It must be authentic, because history is known. It must be imaginative, because imagination is the life of all artistic creation. It must be forceful, because the Roman was the most dynamic period in the history of the world. It must have passion, because the passion of Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra rocked the destinies of an empire.

In research we cannot stop with the findings of one authority. We must read all who treat on the subject, and all of this knowledge must be adapted to fit the "ideal" of the subject as it exists in and appears to the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

First of all, in making a spectacle, the choice of a theme is vital. A theme must be selected which will not be overshadowed by gorgeous settings and alluring costumes. In the past the producer often relied on the color and novelty of a costume picture to make it succeed, swamping his characters and plot in the luxury of trappings—alas, only too crude—and the audience didn't like it.

Having chosen a theme, as for example, the story of Antony and Cleopatra, it is then necessary to get to work to create the

\$10,000 in Prizes

YOU'VE just enough time left to enter the GREATEST CONTEST IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES, with the chance to share in \$10,000.00 IN PRIZES FOR NAMING A CAST FOR "ANTHONY ADVERSE"!

Don't miss this thrilling experience afforded you by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures. Get busy right away and send in your selection of actors and actresses for the screen adaptation of Hervey Allen's superb romantic novel, published by Farrar & Rinehart, which Warner Bros. will produce soon. And remember, THE CONTEST CLOSSES AT MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 15! All entries must be in by then.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN (157) AWARDS WILL BE MADE! Motor cars—Airplane round-trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago—Cash—A varied and inspiring assortment! Such a generous prize list gives you an unusual opportunity to be among the winners. And YOUR IDEA MAY BE THE VERY ONE NEEDED TO SOLVE THE DIFFICULT CASTING PROBLEMS.

The best way for anyone to understand the characters is to read the book. However, a synopsis is printed below.

Your cast is to be written on a ballot form, which appears on Page 47.

Identical ballots are being made available everywhere by Postal Telegraph, Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the manufacturers of the various prize articles, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen has listed on the ballot the twelve most important characters in his story. Fill in your choice of an actor or actress best fitted to play each part. Also fill in the blank Postal telegram space with an explanation (not over fifty words) of why you choose a particular star for the tremendously important title rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

On page 108 you will find a list of players under contract to Warners-First National Studios. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players under contract to other companies, or free-lancing, and they will be considered if their working schedules permit their availability for "Anthony Adverse."

Full instructions about mailing ballots to PHOTOPLAY's New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the

opinion of the judges, are suited for the Warner Bros. production, and on strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title rôle. Neatness counts.

FIVE NEW FORD V-8 MOTOR CARS HEAD THE PRIZE LIST! Winners may select any of the five models named in the rules. No superlatives need be employed here to describe the Ford car. Its performance and beauty are familiar the world over. Nor is there any cause for elaborating on the \$700.00 TECLA PEARL NECKLACE, WITH GENUINE DIAMOND CLASP, offered as sixth prize. Matchless awards, these!

CASH—you say you can use some cash? Well, fifteen money awards are waiting, ranging from \$300.00 to \$25.00!

United Air Lines is providing TEN ROUND-TRIPS BY PLANE TO THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR! The lucky contestants will be accommodated for one week at the luxurious Drake Hotel, situated on Lake Michigan.

Orry-Kelly, renowned stylist for Warner Bros., has designed SIX

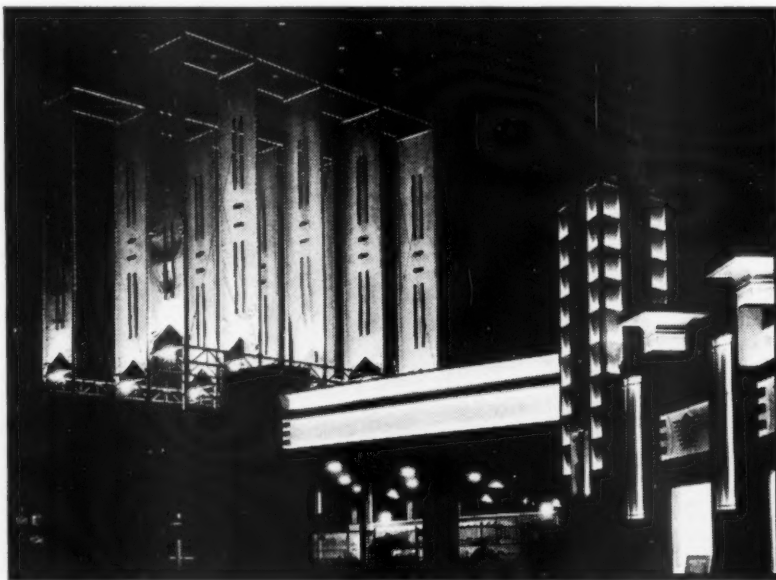
PRIZE GOWNS, which have been reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of Hollywood and New York. They have the same fine lines and quality as Orry-Kelly's creations for Warner productions and the private wardrobes of many fashionable stars. Winners may select such gowns as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, appearing in "Here Comes the Navy," or Margaret Lindsay, so delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And girls, you won't be out of SILK STOCKINGS FOR A YEAR if you win one of the twenty Mojud Clari-phanehosery wardrobes. FORTY PAIRS! And you may order part of the wardrobe at different seasons, to keep up with the new shades. New-process Mojuds are ringless,

streakless, shadowless. "Screenlite" shades are styled by Orry-Kelly.

ONE HUNDRED PRE-VUE DAY-NIGHT MIRRORS, of convenient purse size, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases, make ideal prizes for women—or perfect gifts for masculine winners to pass on to sweethearts, wives, or sisters. They actually preview make-up, show how cosmetics will look under any light. Their patented double-face, electric-blue and amber-gold, make this possible.

So don't delay. Send us your "Anthony Adverse" cast—PRONTO!



The Chicago World's Fair—a blaze of glory in the night! Ten contest winners get round-trips by plane, and a week's hotel accommodations free while seeing the Fair

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 47

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes,

straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry-officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steelblue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

for "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, ascetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the

convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna. Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 46]



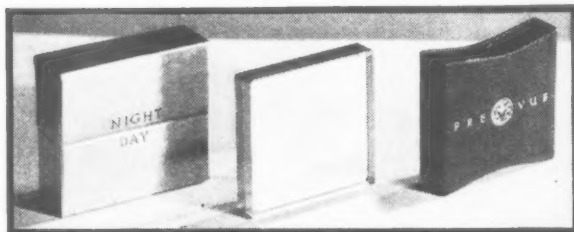
Six enchanting gowns designed by the celebrated Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. pictures, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., will be among the prizes. The Orry-Kelly creation above, worn by pretty Dorothy Tree in "Here Comes the Navy," gives you an idea of their *chic* and fine quality



Just look at these prizes! The first five winners get a new Ford V-8—five models to choose from! Above is the popular Convertible Cabriolet

Silk Stockings For A Year!

Each of twenty prize winners will get as many as forty pairs of the famous Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings! The year's hosiery wardrobe may be completed by ordering a pair each season, to be sure of up-to-the-minute shades! (These stockings styled by Orry-Kelly)



100 Day-Night Pre-Vue Mirrors, with fine leather cases, will be awarded. They serve for proper make-up in any light



A \$700.00 Tecla pearl necklace, made of real pearls "cultured" in the oyster, is offered as the sixth prize. It has a genuine diamond clasp

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissaint Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

Send in your "Anthony Adverse" cast selections now! The contest closes September 15. Don't let the chance to win one of these 157 impressive prizes slip by!

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

It is at this time he again sees Florence Udney, of the brown-golden hair and deep gray eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

Napoleon and the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of

Rules of the \$10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First five prizes—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00.

Seventh prize—\$300.00 in cash.

Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—\$200.00 in cash.

19th prize—\$125.00 in cash.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—\$75.00 in cash.

27th prize—\$50.00 in cash.

28th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

48th to 57th prizes—\$25.00 in cash to each.

58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

2. In three issues (August, September and October) PHOTOPLAY Magazine has published the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the cast box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve rôles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title rôle. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for may be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Addresses of the Stars," which appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine on page 108. (Unlisted players also eligible.) Under this heading you will find the contract players at the Warner-First National Studios. You may suggest actors and actresses under contract to either Warners or other companies here listed, or free-lance players. The availability of such players for "Anthony Adverse," of course, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine is the official form to use. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any

Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to PHOTOPLAY Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanies this announcement of the contest and may be used at your convenience. However, it will be greatly to your advantage, in attempting to name a cast, to read the book published by Farrar & Rinehart.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, John Farrar. Also, W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this committee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeply stirring voice.

Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]



VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

RECEIVED AT	Postal Telegraph THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM	This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.														
STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE	Commercial Cables All America Cables Mackay Radio	<table border="1"><tr><td>DL</td><td>DAY LETTER</td></tr><tr><td>NL</td><td>NIGHT LETTER</td></tr><tr><td>MM</td><td>NIGHT MESSAGE</td></tr><tr><td>LCD</td><td>DEFERRED CABLE</td></tr><tr><td>NLT</td><td>NIGHT CABLE LETTER</td></tr><tr><td>WLT</td><td>WEEK END CABLE LETTER</td></tr><tr><td></td><td>RADIOGRAM</td></tr></table>	DL	DAY LETTER	NL	NIGHT LETTER	MM	NIGHT MESSAGE	LCD	DEFERRED CABLE	NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER	WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER		RADIOGRAM
DL	DAY LETTER															
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NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER															
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER															
	RADIOGRAM															

ANTHONY ADVERSE BALLOT

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning September, 1934. **WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"?** A cast must be selected by September. The task of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make this truly history-making picture, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY Magazine in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse" a truly representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has agreed to the use of this special ballot which may be filled out and left at any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MAY BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any one of these issues of PHOTOPLAY before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of prizes.

-----CLIP ON LINE-----

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

ANTHONY ADVERSE	1	NELETA	7
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	2	G. J. OUVARD	8
CARLO CIBO	3	SENIORITA DOLORES	9
BROTHER FRANCOIS	4	JOHN BONNYFEATHER	10
ANGELA GUESSIPPI	5	FAITH PALEOLOGUS	11
VINCENT NOLTE	6	DON LUIS	12

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of **Anthony**

Name _____

Address _____

PRIZES: One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1934-Model Ford Automobiles (winners may select any of five stock models). Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollar Tecla Cultured Pearl Necklace. Six gowns designed for winners by Orry-Kelly of Hollywood. Twenty prizes of Mojud Clari-phant stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (40 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Pre-Vue Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handmade leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING



Mitzi

It's a galaxy—a whole galaxy of famous folk, no less. Mitzi met them at the Miramar, and from left to right they are (seated) Sid Silvers, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey (on the arm of the couch), John P. Medbury, (rear) George Raft, Virginia Pine, and Kay Kyser, hotel band leader

STAR-GAZING

With Mitzi Cummings

HULLO, INFANT—

This holiday situation has got me. Looks like I'll never get out of town at all. But I'm getting even. Night-times (when it's divinely cool) I flit about to all the exciting spots, and daytimes, when it's too darned sunny California altogether, I think about the fun at night! Kind of solves the whole problem, doesn't it, Joan?

Let me seize this opportunity, since we are on the subject of What to Do to Be Happy, to tell you all about yesterday from morn till night. First to the hospital to see the appendix-less brother-in-law, and ran right into Sally Eilers and husband Harry Joe Brown visiting a patient nearby. Right away everyone started talking about their operations, except Sally, who trilled happily about her prospective motherhood.

MITZI misses nothing! She's a Hollywood girl who knows her Hollywood. She goes everywhere, sees everybody, and every month she writes a letter about the human and humorous side of the movie capital, for PHOTOPLAY

Came the night and I dipped into my new blue number and away to the Miramar with a party of friends. 'Twas so gala. Wheeler and Woolsey were guests of honor with a tableful of celebrities. Let's see—Dorothy Lee, of course, and Thelma Todd and Anita Louise were the ladies. Tom Brown and Sid Silvers and John P. Medbury were the guests.

Nearby sat sleek, handsomely turned-out George Raft (he got up and did his famous dance routine and brought the house down!). With him was Virginia [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

The Fairy-Tale Family

Fredric and Florence March are living a story to bring happiness to their children

By Julie Lang Hunt

JUST two years ago, Florence and Fredric March announced the adoption of a baby girl. She was named Penelope—Penny for short—and her radiant parents let it be known that a brother would be found for her in the near future. There were those in Hollywood who sniffed:

"Give them six months of baby bottles and spinach *purée* and they will settle down to their one."

But a few months ago, Anthony—Tony for short—nineteen pounds of him, a five-months-old bundle of husky howls and chuckles, was registered for life in the March household.

"Some day, Penny and Tony will have another brother and sister," Florence March told me during a visit to the four-room nursery suite that occupies a wing of their new Beverly Hills home.

There was nothing of impulse or whim about their decision to adopt a robust-sized family.

Florence tells it so well:

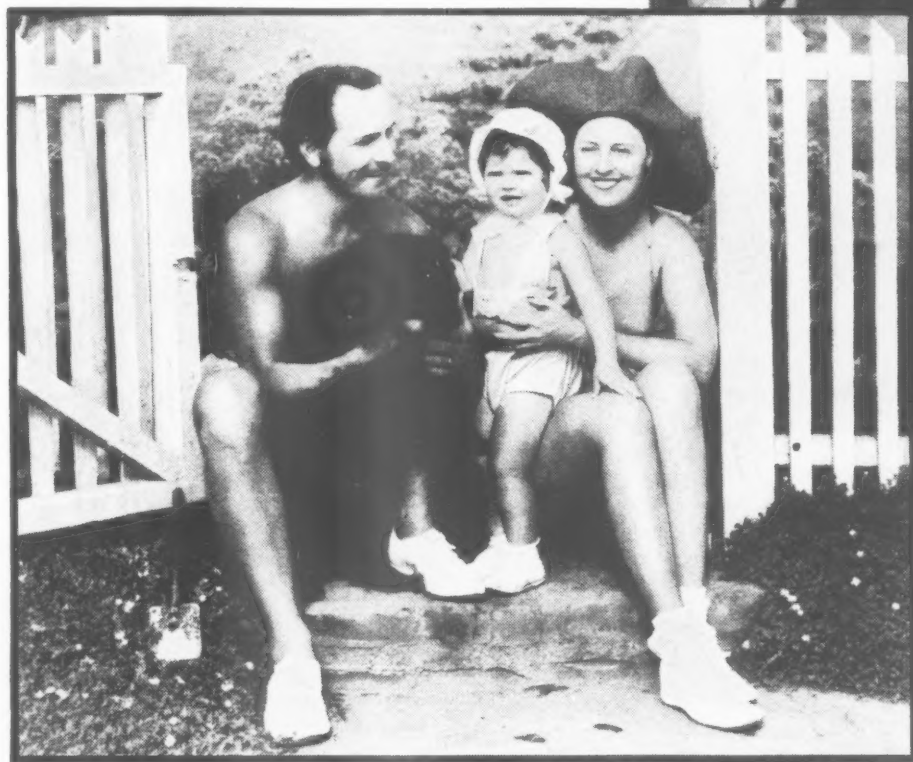
"When we were married seven years ago, we made a solemn agreement that, if at the end of four or five years we had no children, we would find children to adopt.

"I'm afraid we took the business of becoming parents rather seriously. We believed then, and we believe now, in intelligent preparation for the privilege of raising a child. A year before we had Penny, I



The fairy-tale princess and the prince—Florence and Fredric March. They have adopted two children, and now they want two more

studied innumerable volumes on child psychology, and took an extension course on the subject from Dr. Laws at the University of Southern California. The most valuable books I have read on this matter are Hughs Mearns' 'Creative Youth' and 'Creative Power,' and, for very [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Fredric (his sideburns match the woolly pup!), Florence, and little Penny. Five-months-old Tony isn't posing for photographers, as yet

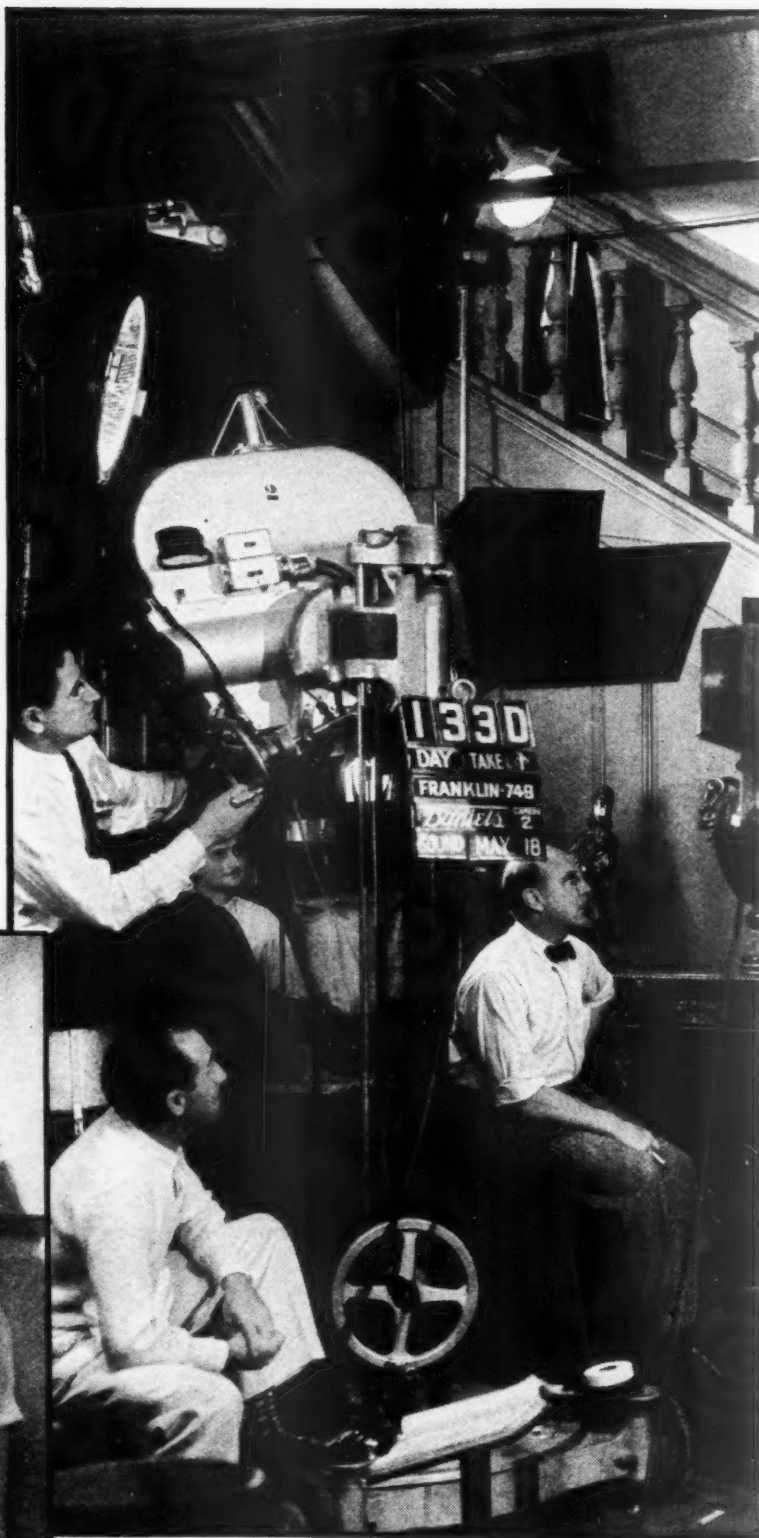
A Son of Freedom

Scream, you American eagle, scream with envy! Britisher Charles Laughton is the chap that invented liberty!

By Ruth Rankin



Carefree and informal, Laughton and his wife, roguish, red-haired Elsa Lanchester, are a devoted pair



"MONEY is no good unless it buys you freedom," Charles Laughton will tell you. Then he adds: "The only free man is he who is doing exactly what he likes best to do."

And Laughton is an actor who operates on that rule. He deliberately walked away from the fabulous Hollywood picture mint to play on the English stage at one hundred dollars a week. Because he wanted to act in repertoire at Old Vic's, a small, dim and dusty London playhouse. And repertoire is the hardest kind of stage work—a new play every two weeks—acting one production and rehearsing another.

"Actors need to learn what it means to pull a play through two hours on the stage," he says. "To create a mood, building it steadily to the finish, there, at that very time. That's more intense than the way it is with



Laughton, as the tyrannical head of the *Barrett* household, on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" set. Behind him is Fredric March, as *Robert Browning*. The lovely Norma Shearer, in the rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett*, smiles over the banister. Director Sidney Franklin is seated in the foreground, below the camera

pictures, where the finish is usually several weeks away.

"I have no criticism to make of the actors and actresses in Hollywood who have not had this experience. I merely state that it is valuable—and, for me, essential.

"For instance, I wanted to do Shakespeare. Why? Well, what sort of books do people read? Contemporary novels, biography. But mental muscles are developed on the classics. In the theater, the classics are the solid foundation.

"We did 'Macbeth,' 'Twelfth Night,' that brilliant Con-

greve play, 'Love for Love,' and Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' the snootiest play ever written.

"Stage or pictures? Both. From one to the other, never lingering in a rut. Under conditions I enjoy, I really like movies best. When it was published that Irving Thalberg would produce 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' I telephoned him from London to say I always had wanted to play the father.

"Then, I like to talk shop. An actor can't talk anything else, really. Plays and stories and performances. There are more actors in Hollywood, so I can talk more shop."

Up until he spoke about talking shop, the man had appeared a solid Britisher, perfect John Bull prototype. But he had been serious long enough. At once he became a little like an animated chrysanthemum. The shaggy pink-and-beige striped hair was the immediate result of the *Barretts*. He refuses to wear a wig, ever, so he let the hair grow and dyed it.

LAUGHTON impersonates the Hollywood great—but discreetly. Who knows better than he that Hollywood is not ready for satire—that it can only bear a prettified caricature? He makes faces because he can't help it. Just as the rest of us describe persons with words, Laughton becomes the one he is describing. His eyes must roll in oil—he can do anything with them. They glisten with sly humor. They glide back cunningly to see how you are taking it.

When he isn't cutting up, his is a round, sweet, trusting face, so innocent and naïve. . . . So diabolical, the next second. A fiend, he is, then a pretty fop; next a mad scientist, the sex-gluttled gourmand, *Henry*—now the insanely jealous *Barrett*. He has never been the same man twice. He never will be.

It is a tax on the imagination to hear that Charles Laughton played his first stage rôle in 1926, that he derives from a family of hotel keepers, that he is just thirty-five years old. It's all true.

There is no explanation for a Laughton, who should have come from generations in the theater, and didn't. Who has forgotten more about acting in the eight years he has been an actor than

many who have been at it a lifetime will ever know. Who is, as years go, a young man—but can be any age, without using make-up to do it!

He is soon to be "Ruggles of Red Gap." Then, nineteen years old at the beginning of the next picture, "Marie Antoinette," in which he is Louis XV. His only concession is to take off some weight, with which result he is as pleased as a kid. In place of the loose ancient blue sweater, out at the elbows, to which he was practically wedded—he now wears a form-fitting little number in black and white, which neatly reveals almost a waist-line.

If Laughton is joyously emancipated from clothes-consciousness, his wife, Elsa Lanchester, is more so. They are a remarkable sight, strolling in a kind of blissful, whimsical daze around the M-G-M lot, always hand in hand. Elsa has violent, incredibly red hair that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE CAT'S-PAW*—Fox

ONCE again Harold Lloyd is the naïve, unsuspecting young man with wide, horn-rimmed eyes, who blunders into difficult situations that work out miraculously for him. Story has fundamentally the same formula as his previous pictures, but the plot is more consistent.

Missionary's son *Ezekiel Cobb* (Lloyd), brought up in a remote Chinese province, has the culture of the Oriental, quotes to advantage from the poet Ling Po, and knows nothing of the modern world.

Through a fluke, he is elected mayor, while in America looking for a "mother for his children." But the crooked politicians frame him when he refuses to take orders.

Comedy builds steadily to final climax. Una Merkel and George Barbier splendid. Good family entertainment.



★ *ROMANCE IN THE RAIN*—Universal

AN amusing fantastic semi-musical, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny.

Roger Pryor writes true confession yarns for the funniest editor alive—Victor Moore, late of the stage. Roger also thinks up circulation ideas, and his best brainstorm is a Cinderella contest, won by Heather Angel.

Heather falls in love with him. But Roger, being up to his ears in a "Prince Charming" contest with Cinderella slated to marry the winner, doesn't notice. At the last moment he realizes all, and hides with Heather while Victor Moore is dragged to the altar by Esther Ralston.

Pryor registers decidedly, but it is Moore—futile, fussy and fluttering—who pockets the picture. Lots of fun—and not a blush in the whole opus!

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET*
—M-G-M

THE tender love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning comes to the screen in a picture approaching perfection.

This adaptation of a stage play, which served Katharine Cornell so well, has been given one of M-G-M's most meritorious productions, and serves Norma Shearer just as fittingly. As the invalid and emotionally restless poetess, *Elizabeth*, whom love miraculously leads from the shadows of death, Miss Shearer is inspired to do her best work.

Fredric March is brilliant as the *Browning* who will not be denied his love, and whose zest for living is the tonic that saves *Elizabeth*. Charles Laughton again increases his acting stature as the tyrannical, psychopathic head of the house of *Barrett*. There are excellent supporting performances by Maureen O'Sullivan, Una O'Connor, Marion Clayton, and Ralph Forbes.

Director Sidney Franklin wins new respect for his handling of this able cast and a worthy story.

The drama is one of flashing, burning romance that finds its way through the ominous, near-impenetrable fog of paternal objection and jealousy. Its sombre overtones enhance the beauty of its sharp, clear notes.

The dialogue, impressive on the stage, is equally so in the film; perhaps even improved. The Victorian settings are truly drawn. Don't miss this picture.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET	BRITISH AGENT
THE CAT'S-PAW	ROMANCE IN THE RAIN
NOW AND FOREVER	THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI
HIDE-OUT	SERVANTS' ENTRANCE
LADIES SHOULD LISTEN	STRAIGHT IS THE WAY

The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Fredric March in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Charles Laughton in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Leslie Howard in "British Agent"
 Victor Moore in "Romance in the Rain"
 Gary Cooper in "Now and Forever"
 Shirley Temple in "Now and Forever"
 Mickey Rooney in "Hide-out"
 Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance"
 Nydia Westman in "Ladies Should Listen"
 Franchot Tone in "Straight Is the Way"
 Margaret Hamilton in "Hat, Coat and Glove"
 Dorothy Burgess in "Hat, Coat and Glove"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 119



★ BRITISH AGENT—First National

THERE is a sense of being "in" on history in the making when you view this well-executed production. Absorbing until the very last sequence, but temporized with an illogical ending. However, don't let that stop you.

Locale is Russia during the war and at the inception of the Revolution with the Reds, the Soviet, the White Army, drawing up sides.

Stephen Locke (Leslie Howard), "unofficial" representative of the British Government, gives an outstanding performance as the man with the responsibility of keeping Russia at the front to prevent the burden of defense resting on England and France. His duties become more complicated when he protects and forms a deep attachment for Elena (Kay Francis), secretary to Lenin, who passionately loves her country. She also loves Stephen, but manages to keep the two devotions separately catalogued to the extent of betraying his plans—but retaining his love.

The plot unfolds with sharp clarity. And suspense is so well sustained that one is always tensely alert.

Howard is completely satisfying in his rôle. William Gargan as the American, Phillip Reed as the Frenchman, Cesar Romero as the Spaniard—who, with Howard make up an international quartet with a common aim—are all superb. Ivan Simpson was born to the part of the "diplomatic" man-servant. Masterly direction and photography.



★ NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount

HOW that greatest of all past and present child stars, Shirley Temple, keeps on topping every previous performance is amazing. And in this case her natural charm is contagious, or perhaps Henry Hathaway's deft direction accounts for Gary Cooper's doing his most sincerely convincing screen job.

Gary is a life-loving vagabond adventurer, unhampered by scruples about honesty. Shirley is his motherless tot, and Carole Lombard is the woman who can't help loving him in spite of his faults. His regeneration, through them, is the theme—presented interestingly, and moving through colorful locales.

Sir Guy Standing and Charlotte Granville turn in believable characterizations. A picture well worth seeing.



★ THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI—M-G-M

NOISILY defiant, rip-snorting and raucous in spots is this hilarious Jean Harlow opus. Though the lines play pretty safe, it is fast and furious adult fare.

Jean is a gorgeous eye-ful, with all the right answers—one of those "good girl" chorines out for matrimony and millions, but the two must go together. She is determined to meet the right people, and any method goes.

Franchot Tone meets her requirements, and Jean promises not to split her infinitives, and to be a credit to him. And how that girl can wear clothes!

The scene on the yacht, which Jean visits (uninvited) is a classic in its line. Lionel Barrymore is his usual sterling self as Franchot's ruthless papa, who eventually gives in. Patsy Kelly and Lewis Stone fine.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

★
HIDE-OUT—
M-G-M



DUE to clever adaptation and direction, this charming picture develops out of a trifle of a plot. After a narrow escape from the coppers, racketeer playboy Robert Montgomery is taken in by an upstate farmer. His regeneration through Maureen O'Sullivan is pretty well realized when Detective Edward Arnold locates him. A-1 cast includes Mickey Rooney, C. Henry Gordon and Elizabeth Patterson.

★
SERVANTS' ENTRANCE—
Fox



THIS fairy-tale story takes Janet Gaynor to Sweden where, as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, she voluntarily hires out as a servant. In her adopted household she meets Lew Ayres, engineering-genius chauffeur, who forgets "Minnie," his speedboat invention, to work along more romantic lines. Hearty characterizations by Siegfried Rumann, Louise Dresser; devastating dead-pan humor by Ned Sparks.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN—
Paramount



DELIGHTFULLY adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Telephone operator Frances Drake makes Cary her responsibility and, by listening-in, protects him from the machinations of two designing women. Edward Everett Horton is grand. Nydia Westman simply sparkles! Rosita Moreno and Charles Ray in support.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY—
M-G-M



ALL you doubters, come and see Franchot Tone give a performance, because he can and does! He is *Benny Horowitz*, just back from prison. Although determined to go straight, he gets mixed up again with the old gang, led by Jack LaRue, and his old flame (Gladys George) in spite of Karen Morley's love for him. A powerfully constructed drama. May Robson, Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon.

PARIS INTERLUDE—
M-G-M



AN amusing group of American expatriates in Paris move at times gaily and again tragically through a story with a good idea and setting, but a disjointed telling. Hero-worship is the theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, a drunken, adventurous newspaperman who loves Madge Evans and then vanishes to China. Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Edward Brophy supply the laughs.

SHE WAS A LADY—
Fox



HELEN TWELVETREES is miscast in first part of the film, but seems more at home as the gambling-den "come on" in latter half. She is the daughter of Ralph Morgan who married his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd. After his death, Helen fulfills her father's wish that she go to England and be a "lady." Snubbed, she takes the gambling job and Donald Woods. Picture just so-so, but fine work by Doris Lloyd.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**DAMES—
Warners**



A BARREL of good humor, and several excellent tunes by Dick Powell who is teamed again with Ruby Keeler. The popular cast also includes ZaSu Pitts and Guy Kibbee on whom a puritanical uncle (Hugh Herbert) considers settling ten million dollars. And Joan Blondell, who lends the film the snap it needs, besides leading a cleverly presented number as "The Girl at the Ironing Board."



**BEYOND
THE LAW—
Columbia**

THE fact that this yarn carries a mystery angle makes it doubly worthwhile. Col. Tim McCoy is a railroad detective this time. He investigates a killing, condemns a man to his doom; but the man's lovely daughter (Shirley Grey) convinces Tim he has made a mistake. So he starts sleuthing all over again, and that's where the suspense and blood-racing action takes place.

**HAT, COAT
AND GLOVE
—RKO-Radio**



AN interesting, but by no means flawless filming of the stage play. Faults of adaptation and casting, however, may be overlooked in the general excellence of the story and the superb performances of Dorothy Burgess and newcomer Margaret Hamilton. There is an exciting courtroom scene, with Ricardo Cortez as the lawyer who defends his wife's (Barbara Robbins) lover (John Beal), accused of murder.



**HOUSEWIFE
—Warners**

RELIABLE characterizations do a lot to mitigate the lack of originality, but they fail to make the picture interesting. George Brent is the spineless office worker who, through his wife's (Ann Dvorak) encouragement, starts his own business and acquires wealth and a mistress, Bette Davis. Highlights are gowns by Orry-Kelly, good scenes of tiny Ronnie Cosby, and the comedy of Leila Bennett.

**MILLION
DOLLAR
RANSOM—
Universal**



ANOTHER Damon Runyon yarn, with an unusual angle. Edward Arnold, a former liquor baron who has served a stretch and is going straight, kidnaps Phillips Holmes to prevent the latter's mother from a silly marriage. But he's double-crossed, and both Holmes and Arnold's daughter (Mary Carlisle) are really kidnapped. Film maintains a fast pace throughout. Principals do fine work. A-1 support.



**ELMER AND
ELSIE—
Paramount**

ALIGHT family picture, striving to show that women, after all, run things today. Little in it that is new, but performances by Frances Fuller, Nella Walker, George Barbier, Roscoe Karns are pleasing. And George Bancroft, as Frances' none-too-bright truck driver husband, reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 94]

Too Pretty to be Plump

Sylvia advises Mary Carlisle
to be careful about her curves



Mary Carlisle is not the Mae West type, says Sylvia, who believes the pretty Mary's career would profit if she would take off some poundage. Miss Carlisle is well-proportioned and Sylvia's diet is prescribed for "all over" reduction, maintaining her symmetry



Raw apples are approved in the one-month diet Sylvia suggests for Mary, who is gnawing one in this scene with druggist Will Rogers in "Handy Andy"



Sylvia

DEAR MARY: For once I wish I were a critic of motion pictures, rather than people. I'd like to tell you what a clever and promising actress I think you are. But when I've watched you in your pictures—lately in "Handy Andy" with Will Rogers, in particular—my hands tingled to get hold of you and take off some of that excess poundage.

Honestly, you sweet, cute darling, you are not a Mae West

type. And there's no reason that I can see, why you ought to have Mae West-ish curves.

Ah, those Mae West curves—right here I want to talk to you, and to every other girl in the world, about that "emphatic" figure. When Mae appeared in her first pictures they said exaggerated curves were coming back.

Well, all I can say is, I hope you're not letting anybody kid you. Mae finds her figure an advantage because she's different—a type, a character, a gay nineties belle. But her figure is

hardly to be taken as a model of feminine beauty today. Her curves are grand for the parts she plays—but they're not for the women of this day and time.

I tell you—too much fat endangers your health, your disposition, and may actually cut down your earning power.

I honestly do not believe that Mae West meant to start a fad. I'm inclined to think lazy women who haven't the perseverance to take off fat are the ones who most want to believe that extreme curves are back.

They aren't back—and never will be.

So listen, Mary Carlisle, don't you try to build up your career with a Mae West assortment of curves. You don't have to. You have a personality all your own, and it is a delightful one! And you are certainly too pretty to be plump. Your figure is in good proportion, but you need to take off weight. Right now you're okay for the rôles you play, but you'll be much more versatile when you're slim. There's no limit to what woman can do when she's slim.



Tsk, tsk, Mary—eating again? If the pleasing little blonde will eat only what Sylvia allows her for one short month, she can lose her plumpness without even taking any exercise!



Mary is a fetching ingénue, to be sure. Lately M-G-M has kept her very busy. But with less weight she could be more versatile

Personal questions on dieting and exercise are answered by Sylvia on Page 80. What is *your* problem?

Fat is not a stationary thing. It creeps up on you—from your ankles to your chin—when you least expect it. And it's much better to stem the tide, now, than regret it later. And, darling, you're on the road to flesh. I know! I haven't focused my eyes on the fat of Hollywood and elsewhere for the last ten years without being able to spot every ounce of extra flesh I see. You've got to get busy. You and every other girl and woman in the world who is overweight—get busy! Get busy now!

Fat is a habit. As you put it on, you begin to get used to yourself. It comes so gradually. Well, give yourself the once-over in your mirror. Don't you think you can spare some poundage with no harm done? Well, I do. So here's how!

Mary, I'm going to tell you—and every other girl—a wonderful new way of losing as much as fifteen pounds in one month. That's just one month of obeying me—and up to fifteen pounds come off that "figger." How's that?

WHAT'S more—I'm not going to give you any exercises to do, because your body is so equally proportioned now. I'm just going to tell you a wonderful diet for taking off flesh all over your figure.

First of all, get your system thoroughly cleaned out to prepare it for the pure food you're going to have. And for five days I want you to go on a liquid diet. This will absolutely take off weight and I'm not telling you a fairy story.

Get up at eight A. M. Take a glass of Vichy water immediately.

Take your bath, dress, and then have a large glass of orange juice.

Two hours later—at ten o'clock—take a glass of skimmed milk.

At twelve, have a cup of hot vegetable consommé and a demitasse (that's for energy). [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



A movie set in midsummer is a hot spot! So Hecht made himself as comfortable as possible while directing Margo in a scene in "Crime Without Passion"

ONCE two playwrights went to Hollywood. And they so panned the place, nobody liked them.

But they were two of the few men there who could write stories that were box-office successes, and pleased the *intelligentsia*, too. So Hollywood dodged the lemons they threw and put up a bold front against their barrage of razzing criticism. When their hisses reached a new high, Hollywood reminded itself that the pair had written money-makers such as "Front Page," and "20th Century."

Sometimes an irate director or producer would say, "They give me a pain! Sure they can write! But I'd like to see them *make* a movie."

Recently they went to work in New York—to *make* a movie. They wrote the script and titled it "Crime Without Passion." They never changed the title.

The two men are Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur.

Whitney Bourne, leading lady, had never been in films. Claude Rains had made but one picture



To MacArthur and Ben Hecht, picture making should be informal. Their most important decisions have been made while playing a game of backgammon

Two Who Hiss Hollywood

MacArthur and Hecht of "Front Page" fame have their own ideas about producing films

By Mildred Mastin

Hecht had watched critically while Hollywood filmed his stories, among them "Topaze," "Scarface," "Underworld," and "Viva Villa." And MacArthur—who is the husband of Helen Hayes—has seen others direct his screen stories, "Rasputin," "Get - Rich - Quick - Wallingford," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Now they began work on a story of their own, which they would produce and direct themselves—a picture in which they would avoid everything bad they had seen in Hollywood and to which they would apply everything good they had learned on Broadway.

If you've ever been to a Hollywood studio, their set-up out in Astoria, Long Island, would seem pretty small and unpretentious.

With a tremendous stage at their disposal, they camp their equipment in one corner, build a set six

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 117]

TRENDS



A SPANISH influence from "The Private Life of Don Juan." Who knows what this starched white ruff and pointed hat of the lovely Joan Gardner may inspire?



THERE'S kinship between the small fur collars and feather trimmed hats of today and Julie Haydon's costume of the Eighties

A "CLEOPATRA" turban and massive jewelry have been created directly from Claudette Colbert's fascinating screen costume here



ABOWKNOT of romance worn about the alluring neck of *Nell Gwyn*. Yet, since pearls are exceedingly chic, why should not modern jewelers copy this very necklace worn by Anna Neagle in that film?

AGAIN the Spanish — with a ribbon in the hair, coarse net for the long knot of hair, spangled net gloves and fan. All evening ideas suggested by Patricia Hilliard in "The Private Life of Don Juan"





THE tunic theme is enjoying an interesting revival this season. It appears in both daytime and evening fashions. In "One More River," Diana Wynyard wears this charming crêpe evening gown with a jacket length tunic. Deep armholes, cleverly draped, make shoulder caps. A dashing red velvet sash has streamers to the skirt train

RENE HUBERT has designed a cocktail tunic costume for Mona Barrie's own wardrobe which shows how vivid contrast can be artfully employed. A lipstick red crêpe tunic with long black crêpe skirt and sash in a half-and-half affair of both colors. This tunic is longer than Diana's and is quite definitely Russian in its atmosphere



TUNICS AGAIN



TAKING advantage of the leading man's absence! As soon as Roger Pryor left the set, Onslow Stevens and Douglas Fowley began entertaining Heather Angel. And competition between them is strong! Douglas, with that checkered jacket, has her eye at the moment. Miss Angel and Pryor were making "Romance in the Rain," a Universal picture



LOOKS like manslaughter—in the “old Spanish custom” manner. The young lady with the sharp knife and an evil glint in her eye is Jean Parker. And the strong-armed gentleman, getting rough in self-defense, is Charles Boyer. A dramatic scene from Fox’s “Caravan”

Binnie With A Grin

A BIG, black sedan speeding madly to Newark airport, to catch a plane bound for Hollywood. Its cargo a red-headed English actress, her auburn-haired cousin, and a restless, watch-glancing Universal executive.

Near the Holland Tunnel, the piercing wail of sirens, blinding red spotlights—a cordon of pistol-pointing police surrounding the car.

"Looks like 'em all right—two red-heads. Pile out sister. Let's have a look."

Thus—the auspicious American reception of Binnie Barnes, alias *Katherine Howard*, favorite charmer of bluff *King Hal* (Charles Laughton) in the memorable film, "The Private Life of Henry VIII." The favorite daughter of England's cinema world, only a few minutes off the boat in New York City, stopped by the law and accused of being a Dillinger gun moll!

The drag-net was out for "two red-headed Dillinger molls" fleeing justice. Both Binnie and her cousin and constant companion, Edna Earle, have reddish tresses. Whether the Universal big-wig looked like Pretty Boy Floyd or not is uncertain.

Binnie's passport was in her trunk—all she had to identify her as a deserving actress was her personality—and the plane was leaving right away. So she turned on her big grin.

A matter of seconds and the cops were asking for her autograph and arranging a motor-cycle escort!

OF course, Binnie's not the first English actress to invade Hollywood, but she is the first to breeze in like a Texas prairie wind with a handshake built for a congressman and a smile reaching from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other.

If the King of England won't pay us the war debts, he might as well let us keep grinning Binnie—that is, if Binnie feels like having any further traffic with English kings. Her last little experience with *Henry* cost her her head—but not her smile.

Binnie smiles at everything she says—and she says plenty—truthfully, frankly, willingly.

This English red-head has had many tough breaks, but she can smile when recalling them now

By Kirtley Baskette



Since coming to Hollywood that grin has become wider and wider! For Miss Barnes loves roller-skating and Mexican food

For instance, that her given name is not really "Binnie" but "Gittle" (she even smiles when you crack "Gittle long little Binnie"—and a smile in the face of a pun like that is some smiling!) "Binnie" evolved from an assumed "Billie," because her voice was so masculine over the radio that people began writing her as "*Mr. Billie Barnes*"!

She grins the information (the first English actress on record to grin such information, no doubt) that her immediate ancestors were *not* Lady Vere de Vere and Lord Montmorency—Twillingham-on-Thames, but an Italian woman of no aristocratic pretensions and a London bobby.

She can smile when she tells her story of a girlhood clouded with poverty—in London, where poverty is poverty. She smiles as she tells of moving to the country—to a farm in Kent, "Seven Oaks Green," where she pulled a milk-cart about the countryside, delivering milk to rich estates. There she also hired out as a kennel-maid to comb, brush and feed expensive, aristocratic mutts for a few "bob" before her father died. His death forced her mother and her to return to London to a catchpenny existence—and hard work.

HER unconquerably bright face lights up when she recalls the spare pleasures of her girlhood—the "shilling hops" at public dance halls, the only social life she ever knew as a girl. She learned to whirl and dip like a dervish, because there were prizes and because, if you were good enough, there was a chance for a job at the *Palais de Danse* where an attractive, graceful girl could make a tidy sum taxi-dancing with the cash customers. Sitting in a pen and smiling for a partner who paid a shilling a dance—and the house got half of that.

Then the Cosmo Club—a bit of a better class hall—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

FASHION and beauty standards have an interesting way of turning topsy-turvy ever so often. What is *de rigueur* today, is ridiculously wrong tomorrow. So that the girl who keeps up with the times really needs to have an elastic figure and hair, features and coloring of strangely chameleon qualities. Bette Davis illustrates these pages this month for two excellent reasons. First, her coiffure styles are new, chic and unique, yet simple enough to do yourself. Second, and this is where the change in beauty standards comes in, Bette explodes an ancient hair theory, which should make a lot of us feel happier. Twenty years ago, to be pretty—because prettiness, not loveliness, was the womanly pulchritude standard—you needed very long, thick and preferably curly hair. Richness in color was prized, too, but length was certainly the measuring rod. Today, no one wants too thick hair. We pay to have it thinned. No one wants very long hair any more. Again, we pay to have it cut off. We don't even worry much about color any more. We use a rinse for a gleam of the wanted light or depend upon chic arrangement for beauty. Consider Bette's first design at the top, left and right. Apparently, it is a mingling of the Civil War period, Lily Langtry and the Gibson Girl era, undoubtedly brought to life again by Bette's recent rôle as *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage," modified to meet present conceptions of good taste and style. A long bang is tightly curled, then loosely combed to give a slightly frizzy effect. From a side part, the long hair is combed smoothly and rolled in a small pompadour to encircle the head, leaving the ears partly exposed. If your hair is short and curly enough, you won't need pins. If it isn't, use small invisibles to hold the roll. The mode is youthful and creates an illusion of ethereal loveliness.

IN the center pictures, left and right, Bette goes very elegant with a coiffure that is as smooth as ice, with a wave on either side and tiny, flat curls for decoration. The coiffure lends a dash and piquancy with a charmingly contradictory school-girlishness. A curling-iron does that bang, half of which is flat and smooth. A little curling lotion, one deft movement with the side of your hand, and you have the side waves. A little more lotion for the flat side curls and ends, and you have a coiffure that would make a French hairdresser gnash his teeth in envy. Use tiny invisible hairpins to hold the side curls until dry. Simply roll up the dampened back on kid or metal curlers and leave on until absolutely dry. Later remove, and use your comb cleverly to keep every hair in place, for that is essential to this arrangement. If you are the type to whom bangs are not flattering, you can see the possibilities of this style with just the side part and plain forehead line. Another adjustment you can make is with the back. If your neck is short or if you are heavy, those low curls will not be becoming. In that case, roll up the ends as suggested, take off the curlers, then re-roll smoothly and high on a cold curling-iron. This will give you high, precise, even curls, inclined to suggest slimmness and height. That cold curling-iron is a great aid, in case you don't know about it. It makes far nicer curls than you can ever make on the finger, and is easier. Simply comb out the strands of hair very evenly, grasp the ends lightly in the iron, then roll upward, increasing the pressure. When the curl is in place, hold the rolled hair firmly with the palm of the hand and carefully slip out the iron. Fasten with a fine hairpin, and another, until the curl is firmly in place. The same technique works on bangs and side curls. In fact, wherever stray ends prove stubborn.

TO Bette Davis and Carole Lombard go the bouquets for having the most varied and loveliest coiffures in Hollywood. For an arrangement worthy of your grandest evening gown, look at the two bottom pictures of Bette. While you might manage this affair yourself, I suggest the hairdresser because you want hair perfection for evening. There is a very tricky parting. From a side part, half of the hair on the crown of the head is combed smoothly to the side, the other half brought forward and flatly waved directly over the plain half. All the other hair is flatly waved over the head, while the ends are tightly curled, later to be combed in a soft fluff. The front hair is then turned into a dozen tiny flat curls, later combed into their original form. A jeweled clasp is the finishing touch. And what a touch! And what a bang! There is, however, a real trick to wearing bangs. They are not for everyone. Usually, if you are young and have a high, smooth forehead like Bette's,

OUR LATEST COIFFURE ALBUM

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

they are good—and when you have big eyes like the Davis optics. Bangs to be in good taste, should always be the adornment of youth or age. They are not for the middle-aged woman, except in extreme cases. Because, bangs are essentially an adornment. Like gay, fluffy dresses. And so they go for the *jeune fille* or grandmother type. It seems a case of the extreme for the extremes. Bangs are either very softening to the face or very hardening. They are reminiscent of childhood, so while the face is yet young enough, they are pleasantly suggestive of youth and unworldliness. Perhaps that is the reason they are nice also on sweet old ladies. Time has erased the stress of time that often afflicts our faces after thirty and seems to last until life has eased down a bit. So try bangs if you *look* less than thirty; otherwise think twice before you do.

AND now that summer suns and salt water and hatless heads are on the wane for some months, perhaps it might be wise to forget lovely coiffures for the moment and to concentrate on the hair, itself. If you are blonde, perhaps you will find lighter streaks in your hair. If so, that's what the summer did for you, actually bleached your hair. Fine for many, if it had done a nice, even job. But usually it hasn't, because only the top that is touched by the sun is bleached. Don't worry; those light bands will soon disappear with a little home aid. And if you take the stars seriously enough to want to follow some of their expert advice, you will pay a little more attention to the beauty aids you can really give yourself. In the first place, few know you like you know yourself. You, better than anyone else, know the results of care, of treatments, of your reactions to the ministrations to your beauty. If you have time and money for a good hair dresser, there is certainly no reason why you should go through the performance of your own shampoo—which we all know is work. But, on the other hand, if you have not an income to permit the best, it is far more economical and wiser to learn a few little stunts for yourself. A hot oil treatment, for example, than which there is no better method for conditioning hair after summer. If you can do this the night before a shampoo, so much the better. If not, even an hour or two of oil on your scalp is going to show you a new head of hair. You can use olive oil or one of the daintier prepared oils. Begin by brushing hair free of dust, combing, then applying on small square of cotton about a tablespoonful of the oil, which has been comfortably warmed. Cover the whole scalp with oil, then gently massage in with fingertips. Steam if possible, cover the head with a towel and leave on as long as you can.

SUPPOSE we roll up our sleeves and go to work in earnest in the cause of a good shampoo. You have a wide choice in your cleansing agents. There are liquid shampoos, powders that you first dissolve in water, jellies in tubes and cake soap. Choice is a matter of preference. If a cake soap agrees with your face and you like it for hair also, use it in this manner. Shave about a third of a cake in two cups of cold water, simmer over a low flame until all is dissolved. Wet the hair thoroughly in water as hot as you can stand, except in the few cases where the shampoo is to be applied to unwet hair. When the shampoo is on the head, concentrate on the scalp, because there the oil and other deposits gather. Always use the pads of the fingers, never the nails. Instead of rubbing, manipulate the fingers in firm, rotary movements over the entire head, concentrating on the hairline at forehead, ears and back of neck. These edges gather an accumulation of powder and cream and always need extra cleansing. After the first attack, rinse and start all over again. As a rule, two washings are all that the average head needs, but if your shampoo is overdue, three times aren't too many. Now that we've covered the groundwork, the finishing touch is the rinse, and on this depends much of the success of your home shampoo. You know how the beauty parlor rinses and rinses. Well, you do the same. A shower or spray lightens the job for you. A comfortably warm rinse seems the best, although if you react well to that final dash of cold water, all right. I do know, however, that naturally curly hair is always nicer with a warm parting rinse. It leaves hair softer and curlier. Gently manipulate the scalp and lift the hair as you rinse. Partly dry in a large, lintless towel in a mild sun, if possible. Then brush the tangled ends of your hair before you apply a comb, preparatory to the setting and final curling.



Glenda Farrell applies perfume to the back of her neck. It is more effective applied to skin



Remove your mascara carefully. Glenda's method is wet cotton used lightly upward on upper lashes and downward on lower



Glenda's nightcap keeps her curls in order. It is comfortable for sleeping and the porous net permits hair to breathe



Sachet is in vogue now. Glenda smooths scented powder on her skin for lingering fragrance



Cream-covered finger-tips rotated at outer eyes prevent laughter lines, says Glenda

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR GOOD LOOKS

THE labor is now done and we begin the art—the art of setting and curling. For this you may need a wave set lotion, and you will need setting combs, kid or metal curlers and hairpins. In the May issue of *PHOTOPLAY* this department showed in detail just how Alice White makes her own curls, and because her soft bob and feathery bangs are typical of many heads today, the same routine is repeated for the benefit of those with the average soft bob. With this type it is easier if you leave the head hair unwaved and concentrate on ends and bangs. However, if you want a head wave, apply a light lotion by smoothing over the hair a square of absorbent cotton saturated with it. You can also comb it through the hair, if you prefer this method. Press in broad, irregular waves with the side of the hand and catch with the setting combs. This requires a knack, but it will come with practice. Now take the bangs or any face curls, dampen well and twirl in a tight, snail effect. Catch each securely with an invisible hairpin. Part at least two layers of hair at the back sidewise, then divide and roll up the little curls on the curlers. Do the next layer in the same manner. By doing them this way, you may make two even rolls, individual curls or comb the hair out in a fluff. Millions of hairpins and many curlers have been used by the Hollywood stars in just this manner. Of course, if you have a permanent to work on, your job is that much easier, but you can manage pretty well on untouched hair if it has the slightest tendency to curl. On this page you will see a picture of Glenda Farrell wearing a net wave cap, which is just the trick after that hair is all in place. It's a great little device for preserving a wave.

GLEND A FARRELL tells most of her beauty story in the pictures on this page, with the exceptions of two points. If the contours of your face are like Glenda's you can make your face appear more oval by extending the outer lines of the brows and by applying your face rouge rather far back on the cheekbones. This treatment of make-up has a tendency to clarify the upper face and to make the lower face appear slenderer. Then I asked Glenda a question of importance to us all. Just what does the man of today like about the modern girl? Glenda, who was sitting on a bed, hunched herself up on the pillow for an answer. The answer required thought. But Glenda is the girl with the thoughts and the spirit to express them. Glenda thinks that extremes in personality are always dangerous. She cited the case of the girl who goes so demure that her escort is afraid to offer her a cocktail. Men don't like that kind. Nor do they like the type who goes ultra-smart and ultra-modern, and above all they detest the type that will tell off-color stories or use off-color words simply for effect. It seems unfeminine and unnatural, and is certainly not the right personality touch for a lovely coiffure and a charming gown. Yet many girls will foolishly persist in such an attack as a play for attention. It gets the attention, all right, but not the right kind.

There is a degree in personality between the hoyden and the violet that seems to strike a good chord because it is a normal attitude. It puts other people at their ease, and humor and tolerance are important ingredients. There is just one thing about the humor that you must always remember, cautions Glenda, and that is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

June Knight

HATES STOCKING RUNS!—

*"So I always insist on LUX," she says...
 "Lux is simply marvelous for stockings.
 Why, when they're washed in Lux, they
 not only fit better, but actually they don't
 go into runs nearly so often!"*

STOCKING RUNS used to be June's pet peeve before she began using Lux. For this popular young blonde knows that dowdy stockings make even the loveliest legs look ugly.

But while she was dancing her way to stardom, she discovered for herself an important stocking secret. Like so many other Hollywood stars, she found that stockings whisked through Lux after every wearing not only fit better—but don't go into runs nearly so often!

YOU, TOO, can cut down runs in stockings the way Hollywood does. Lux helps stockings *give* instead of snapping under everyday strains, because it saves *elasticity*.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali, because these things weaken elasticity. Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali. Stockings wear ever so much *longer* cared for the Lux way!

"I won't let my maid use anything but Lux for my stockings or any of my personal things," says this star of Universal's *Romance in the Rain*. "It keeps them lovely as new!"



Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

Vera West, wardrobe supervisor for Universal Pictures, says, "Some of the costumes used on the sets are returned to my department in rather bad condition. But if they're washable at all, I know Lux will make them like new. It cleans them like magic, and it's so *safe*! Materials and colors come out of Lux as lovely as ever. I wouldn't be without it!"



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

Ask The Answer Man



It took Filmdom years to lure Walter Connolly from Broadway. But he's in movies to stay now. His next is "The Captain Hates the Sea"

FOR many, many years Walter Connolly refused to travel West to make pictures. He didn't like them and wouldn't have anything to do with them. It was while he was ill in a hospital that he let Columbia coax him into signing a contract to go to Hollywood. The contract called for four months a year in pictures and the rest of the time to be devoted to the New York stage. With his very first rôle, that of the *Senator* in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" he became a "picture stealer" and with each new picture his popularity increased. He now has a new five year contract with Columbia which keeps him in Hollywood constantly.

Walter was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 8, 1888. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; weighs 190 pounds and has light brown hair and brown eyes. While appearing on the stage he met and

married Nedda Harrigan. That was thirteen years ago. They have one daughter, Anna, aged nine, who is in school in the East. Mrs. Connolly appeared on the stage until recently when she signed for a rôle in Jack Holt's picture "I'll Fix It."

Walter's latest release is "Whom the Gods Destroy." Next he will be seen in "Servants' Entrance" as Janet Gaynor's father. This is the second time he has played dad to Janet. Remember him in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"? He recently finished "The Captain Hates the Sea" and after many weeks spent on the water taking scenes, Walter doesn't blame the *Captain*.

SYLVIA JACOBSON, ELKADER, IOWA.—William Powell was born July 29, 1892. He was divorced from Carole Lombard in August 1933.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

He will be seen next in "The Great Ziegfeld," which is the life and career of the late Florenz Ziegfeld. Ziegfeld's daughter Patricia will also appear in the picture.

MABEL GWARTNEY, LAWRENCE, KAN.—Mabel, you lose this time. It was Sylvia Sidney and not Maureen O'Sullivan who played the lead in "Street Scene."

MISS LA VAUGHN KEPLER, WELLINGTON, O.—Charles Farrell uses his own name in pictures, but Claudette Colbert's real moniker is Claudette Chauchoin. The late Louise Closser Hale played the mother rôle in "Another Language." In "Change of Heart" Beryl Mercer was *Harriet*.

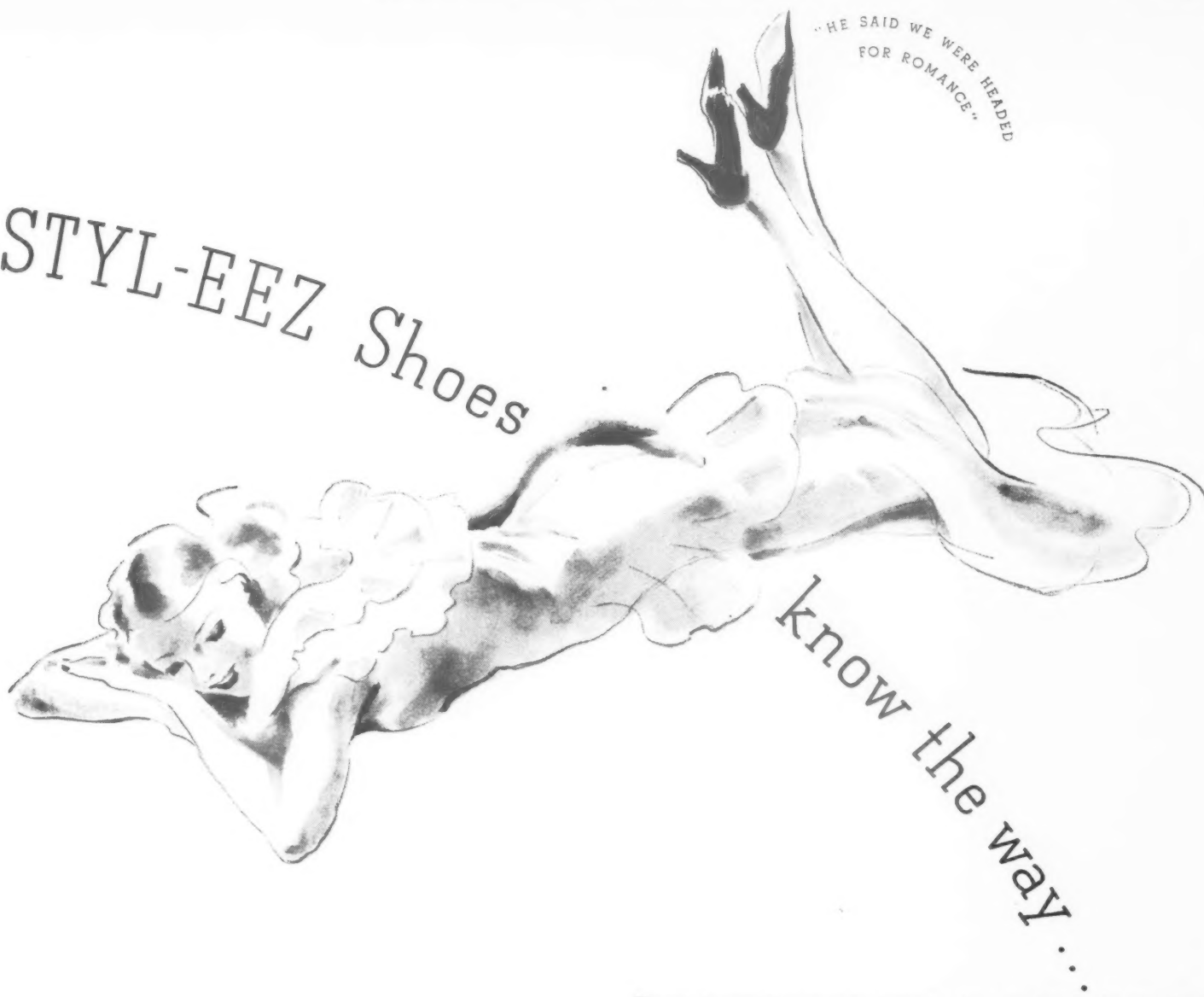
VEEOLA HILTON, GREENEVILLE, TENN.—Gary Cooper's wife's maiden name was Veronica Balfe, but on the screen she used the name of Sandra Shaw. Russ Columbo was born in San Francisco, Calif., January 14, 1908. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and eyes.

MONROE GOLDBERG, BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Lee Tracy was born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14, 1898. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 145, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Was educated at the Western Military Academy at Alton, Ill., and Union College in Schenectady, N. Y. He made a name for himself on the stage prior to entering pictures in 1929. His latest are "Dinner at Eight," "Turn Back the Clock," "The Blonde Bombshell," "Advice to the Lovelorn," and "I'll Tell the World." Lee is of Welsh, Irish and French descent.

GERALDINE ORSELLI, FLORENCE, ITALY.—The picture you described was called "Night Work," with Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr. The only song I recall in the picture was "Deep Down in My Heart." Is that the one you were trying to think of?

CLAYTON WEBER, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Mighty glad you called on me for information because I like to be of assistance to movie devotees. Buster Crabbe is a native of Oakland, Calif. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 188 and has brown hair and brown eyes. He holds five world records and thirty-five national championships for swimming. He was married a year ago to Adah Virginia Held. Buster celebrates his birthday on February 7.

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A Raid on the Refrigerator



So that she will be free to entertain her guests, Maureen prepares all her dishes early in the evening, setting china, cutlery, napkins, etc., in readiness, too

NEXT time you have friends in after the theater, make them earn their way. And they'll like it—on that you can depend. Lead on to the kitchen, give the crowd just the faintest clue, and watch them scamper for that "treasure chest."

Pretty Maureen O'Sullivan says, "For real fun and a real supper, give me a raid on the ice-box, anytime!"

This lass of the Erin Isles knows the precious combination to a successful party—good, wholesome food, prepared in advance, and an atmosphere of cordial informality (though, of course, it may be a dressy affair) with each guest having a definite part in the activities.

Whether or not we realize it, we all most enjoy visiting the friends who make us feel at home by soliciting our suggestions and little helps. Following this simple practise, Maureen invariably has the sort of merry get-together talked over in glowing terms weeks afterward.

For the "after-theater raid," Maureen has everything nicely

**A novel party idea
that does away with
all the formalities**

dished out and in the refrigerator before going off early in the evening. Leaving only the coffee to "perc" while the party chats over a highball or two.

Of course, you will set out a board with a few cheese favorites. And there will be cold cuts, bread or muffins, and such other appetizers as potato chips, olives, pickled beets, sliced cucumbers, anchovies, etc.

Now for a new twist to some old reliables. **STUFFED CELERY**—Use cream cheese and Roquefort in equal proportions. Mash with a silver fork, thin to proper consistency by adding mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, paprika and a few drops of Worcestershire Sauce. Fill the chilled, crisp stalks, sprinkle with paprika.

STUFFED EGGS—Another tempter, also slightly varied by use of gelatin. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of plain gelatin in 1 tablespoon of cold water, over hot water. Mix with 1 cup of mayonnaise. Cut 6 hardboiled eggs in half lengthwise and remove the yolks. Mix and mash yolks with 2 tablespoons chopped ham, 1 teaspoon pickle relish, salt and pepper. Thin with juice from relish. Fill the whites with this mixture and garnish with rings of stuffed olives.

MOLDED SUPPER SALAD—This is almost imperative, and can be made up several hours in advance. Dissolve 1 package of lemon gelatin in 2 cups of boiling water. Add 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt. Let it cool until it begins to thicken. Then fold in 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup of shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated carrot and chopped green pepper. Turn into a mold. Serve on crisp lettuce.

A delicious dessert, easy to make, and one which is always acceptable, is

BISCUIT TORTONI—Use the following ingredients: 1 cup dry macaroon crumbs, 1 cup of milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar, 1 cup of whipped cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of almond extract, and a few grains of salt. Soak most of the macaroon crumbs in the milk, with the sugar and salt, for one hour. Then fold in the whipped cream and the extracts. Fill little paper cases such as are used around cup cakes, with the mixture and place remaining crumbs on top. Now put in the chilling unit of your refrigerator to freeze.

If you prefer a fruit dessert, also made in a jiffy, try **STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM**—Soak 2 tablespoons of plain gelatin in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water, and dissolve in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of boiling fruit juice. Cool. Then use $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of crushed fresh strawberries, sweetened to taste. Add fruit to the gelatin mixture, and allow it to become cold, but not set. Then gradually fold in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of whipped cream, and return to the refrigerator until firm.



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STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

Hollywood Cinema

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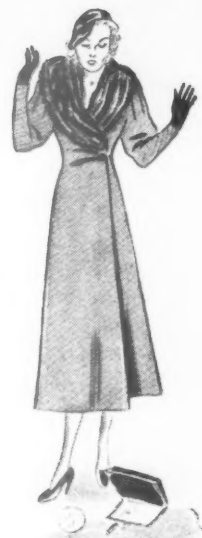
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Too Pretty To Be Plump

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

At two p. m. have a large glass of tomato juice.

Four o'clock, you get a cup of clear tea with lemon (that's stimulating).

At six o'clock, take a glass of strawberry or raspberry juice, and if it's too sour add a teaspoonful of brown sugar.

At eight in the evening, have a cup of beef tea and a demi-tasse.

Another large glass of orange juice is taken at ten.

And just before you go to bed—around midnight—have a glass of tomato juice, skimmed milk or grapefruit juice. Follow this by another glass of Vichy water. And when you go to bed you'll have the pleasantest dreams you've ever had, because your stomach won't be full of heavy foods.

This diet will shrink the stomach—and that's a great idea. It will take down surplus weight on your bust and generally reduce your whole body. But if you are working very hard and feel a little weak from taking nothing but liquids, I give you permission to have raw apples. You can eat as many as four. Do that only if you feel empty.

For five days follow the routine I've just given you. Then begin to eat regularly, like this.

In the morning a glass of Vichy water. For breakfast have a piece of melon with lemon juice or some other raw fruit (but in the morning keep away from peaches, apricots and grapes). Have clear coffee and rye wafers with a little butter and honey, if you like.

At eleven, take a glass of tomato or orange juice.

For luncheon have a big lettuce salad with lemon juice, rye wafers spread with cream cheese, lots of fresh green onions and a clear cup of tea. That's a wonderful luncheon—tasty and nourishing.

Eat a big raw apple at four p. m.

For dinner have lots of celery, a cup of jellied consommé, a salad of red or white raw cabbage with lemon juice, all the green asparagus you like (but be sure it isn't steamed for more than twenty minutes, as more cooking than that takes out the valuable minerals). Don't take any more meat than a piece about the size of a big lamb chop. Then, for dessert, have some fresh fruit and a demi-tasse.

Now remember—for five days the liquid diet. Then for the rest of the month the diet I've just given you, and, Mary darling, I honestly believe you'll be grateful to me for this for the rest of your life. Because you can lose fifteen

pounds in one month—and maybe even a little more—and you'll feel so grand you'll be going around snapping your fingers in supervisors' faces. You'll have more pep and energy than a puppy. And what a figure you'll have!

I just can't wait to see how gorgeous you're going to look if you take this advice. Everyone already raves about your acting. I want people to rave about your figure, too. And I think I've been more than generous not to make you take any exercises. But wait—I've got my eye on you.

If I see any lumps of flesh on you after you've reduced about fifteen pounds all over, I'll write you another letter.

And listen, darling, don't let anybody tell you again that "curves are coming back." They never will, and I don't want to hear that you've fallen for that. Shave down your figure, build up your energy, don't let fat get a running start on you. You can get by now, but I'm warning you about the next three months—unless you take this advice. Your followers take my advice, Mary, and I'm sure that you have as much foresight and courage as they have. I'm betting on you.

Love,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

My dear Sylvia:

Just a note to thank you for all you've done for me. I hardly believed it when you said that we women could do for ourselves what you have done for the movie stars. But when I compare a snapshot of myself (when I weighed one hundred and sixty-five) to my reflection in the mirror (I now weigh one hundred and thirty) I, too, know it can be done.

R. W. D., Stockton, Calif.

I give you my word, I'd rather have a letter like that than a diamond bracelet (and I'm feminine enough to like diamond bracelets). Your letter makes me feel simply grand! I want a lot of lazy girls who won't do what I tell them to read it, and maybe they'll get the courage you have. For, although you didn't say so, believe me, I know it takes courage to reduce thirty-five pounds. More power to you—and I know you look beautiful.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you mind repeating your exercise for reducing the stomach and abdomen? I would appreciate it very much.

Mrs. A. D., New York City.

Here are two exercises for reducing the stomach and abdomen. Lie face down on the floor with arms stretched tight above your head. Feel the muscles in your stomach pull. Now roll back and forth and, at the same time, hitch yourself along the floor, putting all your weight on your stomach. You can just feel the fat cells being smashed off. Here's another: Lie face down on the floor with your arms above your head. Get a friend to take hold of your ankles and pull your legs high in the air, then lower them to the floor. Feel your stom-

ARE you too fat? Too lean? Have you any physical defect that mars your beauty? How are your nerves? Do you sleep well? I shall be glad to offer you advice—free of charge—of course. All you have to do is write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Sylvia, care of Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th Street, New York City.

ach pressing against the floor. That will take you down—and take you down fast. Go to it—and good luck.

Dear Sylvia:

My figure is in good proportion except for my bust, and that is too small. I wish you could tell me a way to build up my bust without fattening any other part of my body.

J. H., Pittsburgh, Penna.

You can build up your bust without affecting the rest of your body at all. Here's how: Stand in front of an open window and take deep breathing exercises. Then pretend to swim with your arms, using the breast stroke. Do the swimming exercise hard, exactly as if you were actually cutting through the water and it was pretty tough going. Then breathe in while you raise your arms above your head and out while you lower them. Don't fail to do this every day for fifteen minutes. You'll notice a big improvement in a month.

My dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to stick on your building-up diet because I'm underweight, but it is almost impossible for me to eat that much

food, my appetite is so poor. Have you any other building-up diet?

R. Y., Springfield, Mo.

To put on weight you have to make up your mind to eat right straight through my diet. That's the idea. It is eating all those various foods that puts the weight on your body. Try eating slowly. Chew your food well. Give yourself plenty of time and tell yourself how good each mouthful is. Some of my girls who are on the reducing diet would think themselves lucky to have such generous helpings as I allow the builders-uppers. If your appetite continues to be poor, even after you get the right mental attitude, then I'd advise you to see your doctor.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I have a very big mouth. My friends tell me I should make it up to look smaller than it is. What do you think?

H. G., Denver, Colo.

I think, first of all, that you shouldn't listen to a lot of silly friends. You should stand on your own two feet, use your common sense, know what you want to look like, and say to blazes with anyone who tells you what to do and what not to do. I do wish I could get it through every girl's head that she is an individual and that the way she wants to look is what counts, and not what people tell her. In the second place, I think a wide mouth is grand. It shows a warm-hearted, generous nature and I certainly think that, if you can't make up your own mind, you should make the most of what nature gave you and use lipstick to accentuate your big mouth instead of trying to conceal it.

Be the Twin
of Your Favorite Star
in Her Favorite Fabric—
CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The queenly beauty of Frances Drake is enhanced by the slim, gracious lines of this gown, and the richly dull texture of Celanese Pabrilla. Worn with the brief jacket, it is perfect for the cocktail hour.



Luminous Celanese Satin in a slim, molded white gown that flows to a brief train is the choice of Frances Drake, Paramount star appearing in "Ladies Should Listen." The matching jacket is finger-tip length.

● Since the chic "inner circle" of Hollywood's best-dressed stars discovered the flattering qualities of Celanese Fabrics, these glamorous weaves are playing starring roles. They are seen not only "on the lot," but at exclusive Hollywood social events. The Cinema Shop in your city brings you duplicates—in slinky satin weaves of Celanese or richly dull Celanese Crepes—of the same dramatic fashions you applaud on the screen, as well as the fashions worn at the moment by the smartest stars in Hollywood!

**Hollywood Fashions in Celanese Fabrics available
at shops carrying Hollywood Cinema Fashions**

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 120 Madison Avenue, New York City

HOME-MADE LOVELINESS

By
Carolyn
Van
Wyck



Pert Kelton knows that cleanliness is the source of skin beauty, so she does a good job with a complexion brush on her face, neck, arms and hands



Liquid powder applied on a small dampened sponge is a perfect evening foundation for face, neck, arms and hands, says Pert! Nice brows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

that if you can laugh at other people you must be sure also to be able to laugh at yourself. Glenda, you can see, would have a joke at her own expense if it would amuse other people. This is what is known as being a good sort, the type whom others will want to call friend and comrade. And for general popularity, nothing beats this relationship. Romance is often short-lived, but if your companionship is the kind that is elastic with men, that is if you can manage to get as much fun out of a movie or a walk in the park as you can from an extravagant dinner and dance on some glittering roof-garden, then you never need fear for your popularity.

Glenda warns you above all of the girl with the self-importance complex. The Sarah Bernhardt slant, she calls it. We all dramatize ourselves at times, but indulge in this little pastime for yourself only. Don't inflict it on others if you want your telephone to ring frequently. Glenda tells me that because of having several brothers, her own sense of self-importance was shot to pieces at an early age, and nothing better could happen to any girl, she believes.

A likable quality in Glenda is her frankness. There she sat, plumped in the middle of a pillow, in canary silk pajamas the color of her hair, frankly admitting to the beauty problems that beset us all. Glenda would tell you that she is a natural ash blonde who introduces

High time for conditioning hair, skin and hands after the summer. Our leaflets, "Skin Ailments," "A Heavenly Halo" and "The Perfect Home Manicure" tell you of simple, effective home aids that will enable you to throw off signs of too much summer. Yours for a stamped, self-addressed envelope—one for each, please. On personal problems also please write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTO-PLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York City

more gold in her hair by a special treatment. Girls with the same problem of hair should first consult the best available hairdresser, then learn to keep the hair light as the authority suggests. There are so many varying shades of blonde hair; hair, itself, is so very individual, that this is by far the safest method.

Glenda admits to a blackhead now and then. "Who doesn't occasionally have at least one?" she asks. And who doesn't? Glenda's cleansing ritual is, first, an application of cleansing cream to remove make-up, then a thorough washing with water and soap, followed by a

nourishing or softening cream which remains on her face while she bathes, or overnight if the skin seems dry. In the case of an offending blackhead, just a little more thorough cleansing.

If more of us could realize that every skin will protest now and then over some little indiscretion in diet, sleep or daily habits, we would not fly into a panic over every little outburst. You should first of all watch diet, drink a little more water, get enough sleep, and then watch cleansing methods. An extra-thorough scrubbing with soap and water often does the trick. That complexion brush that Pert Kelton is using is a marvelous aid in avoiding skin ailments because it not only cleanses thoroughly but arouses a rapid circulation, a good cure in itself for a faulty skin.

You would be surprised to know how many famous screen beauties supplement their regular visits to a beauty salon with vigorous homework on themselves. And that is what you must learn to do, if it is not yet a definite routine with you. Make use of your spare moments for sound beautifying work. It's a poor excuse to say you haven't time in a busy day for a few essential yet simple beauty rites. Only lazy people wait for the beauty experts to do all the work for them!

And these personal tips from the stars are applicable to every girl who reads them—their problems are yours and their solutions prove guide-posts for each of you.

DISCOVER HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY SECRET!

Learn Your Color Harmony in MAKE-UP



UNA MERKEL IN M-G-M's
"HAVE A HEART"
USING MAX FACTOR'S FACE POWDER



JEAN PARKER IN M-G-M's
"HAVE A HEART"
USING MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE



MADGE EVANS IN M-G-M's
"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND"
USING MAX FACTOR'S LIPSTICK

* You Can Be More Beautiful Than You Really Think You Are!

YOU are a definite color harmony type... whatever may be your variation of blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, proved in creating make-up for the stars of the screen. Thus, it is only by using the correct color harmony tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick that you can really bring out to the fullest degree the dramatic interest and magnetic attraction of your own beauty. And this Hollywood's screen stars have found to be the secret of beauty in make-up... and so will you, too.

*In the New Attraction of Your Beauty You'll
See Why This New Make-Up is Magic*

What a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your

own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own color harmony in Max Factor's make-up. For imagine how perfect it must be... each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly... so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the life-like color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual life-like color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge... and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings... as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin texture.

Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours, yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

Genius Cannot be Imitated...

And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember, that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar... featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

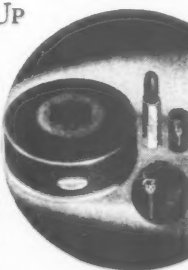
SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

© 1934, Max Factor

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift...

Would you like to have the personal make-up advice of the genius who for twenty-odd years has created the make-up for Hollywood's Motion Picture World? Would you like to receive your personal Color Harmony Make-Up Chart? Would you like to know Hollywood's secrets in the art and technique of make-up? See coupon at right.



TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 100 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

1-10-34

Not a Minute of Childhood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

by the personal appearance of Vera Gordon, then at the height of her picture career.

Mrs. Mack determined to see the great Gordon and seek her advice. Helen was dressed in her best dotted Swiss, her dark hair parted into rigid curls, and the Macks set out for Miss Gordon's hotel.

THE plushy humanness of Vera Gordon is no mere stage technique. She loves people, her fellow beings—even mothers with elocution-ridden children. She didn't turn the Macks away, although she was resting between shows.

Helen says, "I wonder often about my fate, if Vera Gordon had refused to see us that afternoon. Would my routine read, college, romance, and marriage, instead of grease-paint, footlights and cameras? I wonder."

The Gordon advice was short and to the point.

"Take the child to Hollywood or New York, if you want a career for her."

The Mack home was sold two months after the Gordon interview, to provide funds for the launching of Helen. Mother and daughter boarded a train for New York, while Mr. Mack, with the benign patience of the typical American husband, stayed in Rock Island, bereft of his family.

Now Mrs. Mack had what it takes to be a child star's mother. A strange city, a hall bedroom and a scant bank balance didn't stymie her.

She picked up a telephone thirty minutes after their arrival in New York and told the confounded operator to get Vera Gordon on the line.

It was an old Rock Island custom, but it didn't work in New York.

Mrs. Mack felt that the Eastern folks weren't treating a stranger with decent hospitality, and told the operator as much before she hung up.

After several weeks of searching, Miss Gordon was found at the old Cosmopolitan Studio, and to this day Helen says she can remember the dismayed expression on that gentle woman's face when she spied the pair of them.

But she could take it standing up, Vera Gordon could, and she made immediate arrangements for Helen's enrollment in the Professional Children's School, for a series of still pictures, and for her registration with every good theatrical agent's office in New York City.

Helen was first called from her studies in the third grade at the Professional School for a tiny part in a stage play, "The Idle Inn." From that moment a deluge of work engulfed her, a deluge that submerged childhood, the seasons, the years. Helen's life became a crazy-quilt pattern of silent pictures, lines in plays, waits in casting offices, rehearsals, weeks on the road, piece meal periods at the Professional School, daily tussles with school books on dim stages or glaring sets (the New York laws were severe, even then, on the educational standards of child players).

The avalanche of work was, no doubt, due to Mrs. Mack's clever method of permitting Helen to apply alone for jobs. At the age of seven, Helen was trained to leave her mother at the foot of the stairways leading to agent's

offices and take her place on the long waiting bench.

She was a tiny child for her age, with enormous black eyes and long dark curls. It is little wonder that the brittle crust armoring New York's casting directors was pierced by the solitary efforts of this mite.

Her speech, memorized days in advance, went something like this:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ginsberg. I am Helen Mack. I have just finished 'Pied Piper Malone' with Thomas Meighan, for Paramount, and I have appeared on the stage in 'The Idle Inn,' 'Pomeroy's Past,' and 'Neighbors.' Have you anything for me today?"

Mr. Ginsberg usually had something for her.

SHE captured the coveted child's rôle in "Zaza" from the ranks of a mob scene, by following her mother's advice to waylay Allan Dwan, the director.

"Couldn't I play the part of Mr. Warner's little girl?" she lisped to the amused man. But the lisp got over, and she got the part.

It was at this time that her periodic school-mates at the Professional School and on the sets included Ruby Keeler, Tom Brown, Helen Chandler, Gene Raymond and Marguerite Churchill.

It was also at this time that the foundation was laid for one of her most vivid childhood memories—that of narrow-eyed, tense mothers looming from behind directors' chairs.

Helen tells it so well in her own words:

"I've seen children, limp with the effort of redoing a scene or from the mental feat of remembering long stage lines, start to cry with fatigue.

"I have seen them blink back the tears, muster a smile and go on, trying after one black glare from the inevitable mother in the background.

"My mother never practiced this fine form of torture. The moment I was on a set or stage, she disappeared behind the scenery, only to reappear when lunch or the finish was called.

"She never reprimanded me for a failure, and only once can I recall any impatience over a professional stupidity. But mother was the exception, not the rule among stage parents."

ANOTHER poignant memory concerns her graduation day from the Professional School. She was thirteen at the time, but the memory does not have to do with the usual baccalaureate details—that her frock was white taffeta or that she carried yellow roses.

She only recalls that before the ceremonies were completed she learned that two young girls were needed in a hurry for a vaudeville sketch.

With a girl friend, Helen left her graduation flat, and, still clutching her sheaf of yellow roses, tore up Forty-Second Street to the agents' office.

Both girls advanced their respective ages to sixteen, and landed the jobs.

So Helen celebrated adolescence, the approach of young womanhood, in a two-town-a-week vaudeville act.

Mother Mack did not accompany her on

the tour, and Helen found it necessary to grow up over night.

True to the vaudevillians' code, the adults in the act watched over the youngsters like a group of New England aunts. But there were other things that a thirteen-year-old seldom learns—how to keep a laundry bill down, how to make handkerchiefs look as if they had really been ironed, how to check baggage, catch a train after midnight, to sleep at any time and in any position, and how to make a distinctly tired stage costume come to life with a dry cleaning session.

AT fourteen she had her first dinner date and was not at all abashed by a masculine "line," head-waiters or caviar.

She was ready for adult rôles when she returned to New York, after two years on the road.

She had seen every corner of America during that time, an accomplishment few fifteen-year-olds achieve.

The first grown-up rôle was in "Straight Through the Door," then "Subway Express" and "Dread," the latter having Madge Evans and Spencer Tracy as the principals.

The Fox contract that developed from these stage appearances you have probably read and learned about long ere this. That Helen was cast in her initial pictures in simpering ingénue rôles, and, as a result, spent the following year without a day's work in the film colony, you, no doubt, know.

That she didn't mind stooping to Westerns with Buck Jones and Ken Maynard, just for a chance to "show 'em," has been published many times.

That she did an amazing comeback in "Sweepings" and again in "All of Me," is current news.

That everything is in full sail, with fair weather ahead, is proved by Paramount's faith in her—a faith that included the plum of the year, the lead in "You Belong to Me," opposite Lee Tracy.

For victories like these, Helen claims a childhood is well lost. For the rich warehouse of knowledge she has stored full during thirteen years of incessant work, she gladly relinquishes a girlhood. For the joy of signing her name to a Paramount contract, she would match her ratio of happiness with that of any other girl of twenty.

But all this won't do for her daughter.

There will be no lost childhood for Helen Mack's progeny. All the conventional mechanics of the nursery will surround the children she so definitely plans to have in the future.

No footlights, no grease-paint, no elocution, and no cameras. There will be fairy tales and spinach, clocked sunbaths and orange juice, and a child psychology chart tacked to the nursery wall.

ONLY once during our three-hour session was Helen's soliloquy interrupted. That occurred when tiny Shirley Temple, the five-year-old sensation of "Little Miss Marker" and "Baby Take a Bow," passed the dressing room door with her mother.

As if to herself, Helen murmured, "Poor little Shirley."

Announcing the 154 Prize Winners

in *Borden's* \$2,850 Letter Contest

CONGRATULATIONS and fat checks to the writers of the 154 best contest letters on "Why I Like BORDEN'S Evaporated Milk Best."

During this contest thousands upon thousands of letters poured in from all parts of the country. Many wrote that they insist on Borden's because of its rich, true milk flavor...others because their doctor recommended it for infant-feeding...others because of the creaminess it gives coffee, tea, soups and dishes in which milk or cream is used.

The downright economy of Borden's Evaporated Milk was still another popular reason.

And—what pleases us most—almost every writer mentioned his confidence in any product bearing the Borden name.

Winners of the *major* prizes were announced during the July 22 broadcast of Borden's famous radio show "45 Minutes In Hollywood." The *complete* list of prize winners is given below:

FIRST PRIZE—\$1,000

MRS. SAM FLINT,
"Hollyhock Hill," Mt. Airy, Ga.

SECOND PRIZE—\$500

MISS ALICE AYMAMI,
4500 So. Downing, Englewood, Colo.

THIRD PRIZE—\$250

MRS. MARY H. CROCKETT,
320 Anderson, Warrensburg, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE—\$100

MRS. P. M. WYNNE,
431 N. E. 29th St., Miami, Fla.

50 FIFTH PRIZES—\$10 EACH

D. S. Bishpham.....New York City
Mrs. Bertha Boos.....Albany, N. Y.
Mr. J. J. Boyce.....Wilmington, Mass.
Miss M. K. Blake.....Cumberland, Md.
Mrs. J. W. Bronson.....Chicago, Ill.
Ward Browning.....Boston, Mass.
J. M. Bryan, D.D.S.....Evansville, Ind.
Mr. J. Compton.....East Cleveland, Ohio
Miss H. W. Cook.....Reading, Pa.
Mrs. F. Corrigan.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. John Cripps.....Vineland Sta., Ont.
Mrs. Alberta Duffy.....Toronto, Ont.
E. L. Emken.....Texas City, Tex.
Mrs. Laneata Faraon.....Orlando, Fla.
Mr. Gordon Forrest.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Robert Granor.....Hartsdale, N. Y.
Mrs. E. Hafferty.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. G. T. Henderson.....Augusta, Ga.
Jerry Herides.....Chicago, Ill.
Mr. H. B. Hillis.....Port Arthur, Ont.
Mrs. C. M. Hollins.....Troy, N. Y.
George N. Jensen.....Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Robert Johnson.....Roosevelt, N. Y.
Mrs. R. E. Jones.....Salley, S. C.
Mrs. Ruth Kibler.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Mrs. Bert Knowles.....Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. Pauline Krueger.....Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. A. L. Little.....Berkeley, Calif.
Mrs. S. Lockett.....Toronto, Ont.
Mr. Ben Loeffler.....Oakmont, Pa.
Mr. T. F. Long.....Sterling, Ill.
Mrs. Irene Lovatt.....West Phila., Pa.
Mrs. Jessie Mapes.....Jerome, Ariz.
R. O. Mooney.....Denver, Colo.
Mrs. I. Nance.....Washington, D. C.
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Mrs. A. C. Parnell.....Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. O. L. Parthesius.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Virginia Pfeil.....Highland Park, Mich.
Mrs. Zenos Porter.....Provo, Utah
Mrs. J. C. Power.....Baltimore, Md.
Henry Raile, M.D.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. H. S. Robuts.....Birmingham, Mich.
Mrs. R. R. Smith.....Richmond Hts., Mo.
Mrs. Sophia Stalker.....Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. O. L. Sutcliff.....Orlando, Fla.
H. L. Tester.....Wayzata, Minn.
Mrs. W. R. Topp.....De Kalb, Ill.
Miss Louise Walton.....Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. E. D. Wecter.....Waco, Tex.

100 SIXTH PRIZES—\$5 EACH

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Mrs. L. A. Anderson.....Waco, Tex.
Mrs. Nora Anderson.....Grantsville, Utah
Mrs. L. C. Armstrong.....Ft. Worth, Tex.
Elma A. Bailey.....Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Emma Barnhill.....Truro, N. S.

Mrs. L. F. Bate.....Logan, Utah
Nancy S. Beattie.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. Lewis Bell.....Cleveland Heights, Ohio
C. S. Bennette.....Tampa, Fla.
A. W. Bobo.....Fort Worth, Tex.
Miss Evelyn Bowes.....St. John, N. B.
George L. Bradley.....Houston, Tex.
Mrs. Robert Burns.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
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Miss Betty Lancaster.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Elmo Landers.....Atlanta, Ga.
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Mrs. A. A. Lawrence.....Watertown, Mass.
Mrs. Raymond Lerch.....Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. F. C. MacEnroe.....Melrose, Mass.
Mrs. Geo. Markham.....Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. M. Martin.....Englewood, N. J.
Wm. F. McAuliffe.....Boston, Mass.
Miriam D. McClure.....Yuma, Ariz.
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Mrs. B. R. Miller.....Allentown, Pa.
Mrs. Floyd Miller.....Kansas City, Kans.
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Mrs. C. J. Oliver.....Atlanta, Ga.
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Mrs. M. H. Shepherd.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. C. A. Sidihuker.....Miami, Fla.
Kate Siren.....New Orleans, La.
Mrs. I. B. Smith.....Miami, Fla.
L. F. Smith.....Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. C. M. Speicher.....So. Euclid, Ohio
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Mrs. R. V. Taylor, Jr.....Mobile, Ala.
Mrs. Frances Tettle.....Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. Paris Thomas.....Winter Park, Fla.
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Back to the Farm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

farmer, had about the saddest experience of anyone. It seems Jimmy went about for days, begging and pleading with people to help him with his "irritation." But no one could make out what or who he wanted to irritate. "It's my crops," he cried. "They'll die if they're not irritated." "Well, for heaven's sake," one actor finally snapped, "if anyone can irritate them, you can. You've got me irritated into a nervous wreck."

AND then, by crackie, it was discovered Jimmy was engaged in crossing cucumbers with grapefruit in order to get lemons with schnozzles. Which would have been all right if the frosts hadn't come and all the schnozzles began sneezing and blowing at once. It was awful. Smudge pots (in pastel shades) were brought out to no avail. The sneezing kept up till they finally blew off all the peelings from the fruit on Mae West's ranch next door. Nothing daunted, Mae simply hung up a sign advertising, "Nudist oranges. Not a fan in sight. No peel but sex-appeal." And made a fortune overnight.

Beulah, pare me a persimmon.

Of course, the time Jack Oakie in his sweat-shirt appeared at the last costume dance of the Mayfair held in Adolphe Menjou's barn, followed by six little pigs all in sweat-shirts just about climaxed the whole farm movement. Jack's such a card! But the way the pigs (he swore they were the Four Marxes and Wheeler and Woolsey in disguise) kept squealing when the dancers trampled them, or when they were tripped headlong into the keg of hard cider, was too amazing.

And what with Wally Beery going about cracking farmers and farmerettes over the bandanas, screaming,

"I sez you durn fool
I be the constabule"

was more fun. More people were crippled for life.

Of course, the next day all the farmers gathered at farmer Will Rogers' general store down by the crossroads and sent the following wire to Congress: "We farmers want relief." And Congress wired back, "Relief from what?" The farmers replied, "Relief from Jack Oakie." Then the lawmakers came back with "You keep Oakie and we'll keep the war debt." So the matter was dropped.

Gable bought acres and acres of farm land merely for his beloved skeet shooting. And then came a dandy letter from an admirer in New Jersey: "Why don't you come over here and shoot skeeters? We've got them as big as pigeons." But Clark didn't go.

IT'S Jack Warner, producer of Warner Brothers pictures, who has the most unique farm of all. He merely ordered from the studio prop room four acres of *papier-mache* apple trees and then had the entire acreage surrounded by mirrors, which made exactly four hundred acres where only four had been before. And, as Mr. Warner himself asks us, "Consider the apple picking it saves."

Well, yes and no.

Of course, there's that recently imported star who has gone too, too Hollywood for words. His arrival from out his Egyptian-Scottish type farm house each morning is heralded by four blasts on the cornet, formerly

used to summon the harvest hands to supper. This, naturally, sets up a fearful row among the animals, who have no way of knowing whether here, at last, is Gabriel after all this time—or what?

Then a large, black Negro with a slight Cecil DeMille influence carries an umbrella over the monocled, white-linened actor. Another black carries a cocktail shaker of champagne cocktails.

Awaiting him on the edge of the field is his chair with his name printed on the back in gold letters.

"Proceed," he says with a wave of his hand as he reclines in his chair. A pair of plough horses, in sun tan make-up and wearing slave bracelets around their ankles, are led forward. These he examines disdainfully. Next they are hitched to a plough and for the space of five minutes the gentleman farmer watches the farm hands do a bit of ploughing. Exhausted with his day's labor, he is then escorted back to the house where another bit of loud blasting from the horn throws the animals into more spasms. With a lot more bowing all around from the actor.

The rival dude ranches of Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson are the talk of the town, naturally. So far they have attracted one Frenchman, one Englishman, and one Mexican, slightly used. And quite a lot of dudes, all busted flat.



Scotty Beckett lets the boys know he's just kidding. He's trifling with Georgia Bark's affections in "Romance in the Rain"

Johnny Weissmuller not only won all the hog calling contests with his *Tarzan* yodel, but when the report went around that Johnny had blasted all the pollen from the apple trees into Jimmy Cagney's cow pasture with the result that Jimmy's cows gave nothing but apple butter for weeks and weeks, all future hog callings were called off.

BUT it was Gracie Allen who really proved the greatest problem to the whole back-to-the-soil movement. The day she and George Burns were finally settled on their little farm will go down in history the way George went down in a heap.

"George, wouldn't it be nice if we gave a party?"

"I think so, Gracie. Let's have a husking bee."

"All right, but you'll have to husk the bees, remember."

"Quiet, Gracie. Look, what have you got in those pails?"

"Well, George, this one is full of cracked ice. I'm going to feed it to the cows."

"Good heavens, what for?"

"Well, you see, George, I thought I'd just feed the cracked ice to the cows and then we'd get our ice cream right out of those little faucets on the cow. Only wouldn't it be grand, George, if we could mark one faucet vanilla and one chocolate and one—"

"Tutti frutti with chopped nuts, I suppose," George groaned.

"Oh, George, you think of the grandest things."

"Never mind that. What's in the other pail?"

"Hot water. I'm going to feed it to the hens and get my eggs already boiled. Don't you think that's a good idea, George?"

"Gracie, why don't you plant yourself ten feet in the ground?"

"Oh, George, there you go. You think I'd come up a lily."

"I know darn well you'd come up poison ivy."

"Oh, George—"

Slowly the evening sun crept over the purple tinted hills.

Evening on the farms of Hollywood had come. A gentle breeze wafted the perfume from Joan Crawford's gardenia farm over the peaceful valleys.

Down in the distance could be glimpsed W. C. Fields atop his trailer hitched to six horses as he wended his weary way home through the rye fields singing lustily "Comin' Thru' the Rye Highballs."

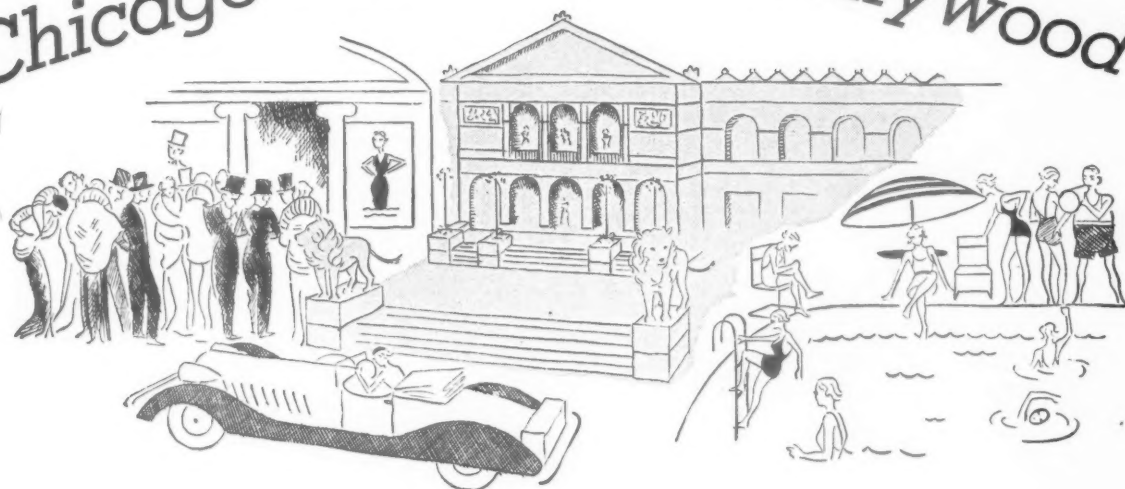
A GENTLE moo from a contented platinum cow on Jean Harlow's farm mingled strangely with Gracie's high laughter. Softly the notes of "Love Thy Neighbor" floated over from the Bing Crosby farm.

The shadows deepened. One last burning ray caught the red of Bill Fields' nose and for a moment shone brightly in the reflected glory, down in the rye field.

A last hush. Evening on the old mortgaged homesteads of Hollywood had come. And then, as if in one final benediction, Al Jolson's old Missouri mule leaned over the pasture gate and breathed, with one loud raspberry,

"Hee! Haw!"

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The Most Exciting Woman in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

declaimed, 'You are ruining my opera company! All the girls are now getting thin.' 'Ha,' I thought, 'and a very good thing, too!'

"I was so frightened that first time in Hollywood—afraid of all the things I now accept with ease and a sense of humor. From the Metropolitan, where everything one does must be exaggerated to reach the topmost gallery in that vast place—coming to the camera and the microphone where all must be restrained—it was a gap I was not prepared to bridge in such short order. I made awful faces! I gestured like a windmill!" She flung out her arms in a wild caricature and burst into the gayest laughter I have ever heard.

GRACE laughs like a song from the happy heart—an infectious spirited mirth that incorporates all the sunshine, all the carnival of her romantic, varied life. It is Italy and Spring wine, California, warmth and color and glory.

From the moment you approach her perfect French chateau with the dreaming gardens, excitement reaches out and touches you. It is the surrounding of a romantic prima donna, and you know that, unerringly, with a fine feeling for dramatic *rightness*, she selected it from all the other houses in Beverly. It is the place where lives *Mimi* and *Marguerite* and *The Lady of the Camellias*. It is proudly the enchanted domicile of divine melody. Anything could happen in that house—anything but bad music.

The vast shadowy drawing-room is dominated by a concert grand piano, covered with an opulent confusion of signed photographs. Mary Garden, Herbert Hoover, Gatti-Cazzaza, Jeritza, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John Charles Thomas, Mussolini—great names to applaud a great lady as she trills melodic scales. And color—lots of color in that lovely room, subdued and gracious, to delight eyes tired from the glare of so many sterile-white operating-room effects in the pretty parlors of Hollywood.

The lady enters.

La Moore. Not the entrance of a diva, measured and sure, with the dramatic pause in the doorway. No, a young girl (all right, all right. Not in *years*, then) skips down those winding stairs in the hall and dashes in, extending a hearty hand. She is not beautiful (but who cares?). Not by Hollywood standards, but, if you ask me, Hollywood needs a new set of standards. She is infinitely more than just beautiful.

SHE tosses a mane of tumbled blonde hair, wears a blue print dress over a model fourteen figure, and displays no polish on her fingernails. She is a woman with a rich full life, a quick, warm way of speaking, with just a soft touch of lingering Southern accent (she was born in Jellico, Tennessee). A simple country girl from the Cumberland Mountains who wanted to be a missionary, who was a superlative cook and won prizes with her cakes at the county fair! Who sang in the choir, was deeply impressed with the devout Negro spirituals she heard, by the religious fervor of her environment.

Then she was sent to Ward-Belmont, finishing school in Nashville. There she heard Mary Garden, and forgot her earlier urge to convert the heathen. From there to the Wilson-Greene

Music School in Washington, and a debut in concert with Martinelli, in 1918. Facing family disapproval of operatic ambition, Grace went to New York on her own, lived in Greenwich Village and sang for her supper in the celebrated old artist's hang-out, the Black Cat. She lost her voice and pursued the busy vocal expert, Dr. Mario Mariofiotti, until he gave in and restored it. Became Julia Sanderson's understudy, and had her first chance on Thanksgiving night—because Julia had too much dinner. Grace didn't. So, you see, there is positive proof of the compensation that comes after starving.



Eddie Foy says it isn't so funny when he takes his five fat pups for a walk and three of them sit down and refuse to budge

Then "Up in the Clouds," which ran seven months on Broadway. Grace saved her money and went to Europe to study. She sang in small opera houses all over the Continent, then the great ones. And finally, the Metropolitan. A "Grace Moore Special" train came up from Tennessee for her debut there, full of friends, relatives and the Governor of the State.

That is success on the grand scale. Can

you imagine what it meant to *that* girl to leave Hollywood with her career in ashes?

If she had it to do over again, Grace would come to Hollywood the very first thing. Before she went to Europe at all.

"If it were now, and I knew what I do, I would study in California. It has the atmosphere, the warmth and languor of Italy. 'Oh, this is the place,' I tell all the ambitious young singers who write for advice. And I answer every one of those letters personally, give a lot of thought to each problem they present. Perhaps it wasn't the place that long ago, when I was studying, but now it is. The Californians even have the same lazy, soft way of speaking as they do in Italy. There are superb teachers here—my own Mariofiotti, without whom I refused to come to Hollywood that first time, and M-G-M had to sign him at a thousand dollars a week—for a year! (She was terribly pleased over that.)

"This is it, the place, the paradise of possible achievement for all the artists of the world. No other environment on the globe has more to offer than right here."

THE thrill of coming back to success is still upon her—the success of making grand opera attractive through the medium of the motion picture.

"It took courage, I admit it. Disappointment, so cruel, disillusion—so destructive—were still present in my mind. But now I have acquired a physical and mental maturity far greater than could ordinarily take place in four short years. There has been the radio, 'The DuBarry' last season on Broadway (it was a personal triumph for Grace), my marriage—everything has all worked harmoniously to develop and bring me to this point. I have conscientiously studied everything that could help me, even remotely, on the screen. Practiced in front of the mirror for hours, so I wouldn't make faces.

"Then, the first time Harry Cohn saw the picture he exclaimed, in actual alarm, 'Good heavens, Grace, you don't look as if you're singing!'

"No faces, no vocal cords tied in knots. They will think it's a double!' I could have shouted for joy.

"Singing is the most emotional of all the arts—the mind and the perceptions must be warm and vibrant, one must love people and life.

"And then there is this—I have come to regard as the most important of all—I tell it unflinchingly to every young artist who writes to me—

"Don't be afraid to be alone! Until you mean something to yourself, you can't be important to anyone else. People here and everywhere have been so afraid of isolation, of solitude. Now there comes the new type that demands it, and they are the ones who have the great interest for us—the Garbos, the Hepburns, the Paul Munis. For years, Mary Garden has gone into complete retirement for six months of the year, high up on the Riviera. One must learn to live the good alone-life, in order to grow and develop in one's own way. We are gradually turning toward it more and more, people are seeking a life of their own, tired of the tremendous pace of the past decade. They demand more good things

to read, more worthy things to see and hear when they do go out.

"Contrary to popular belief, you really get nothing from people, just hordes of people skipping through your life, hardly touching you. You make progress as a human being by yourself, you make progress as an artist by yourself—it all goes into one initial fund, yourself and your value to humanity—like putting money in the bank!

"That is why the great singers of all time have created a furor when they appeared—they 'made an entrance'—they were a rare and stimulating sight—and they had something to show, out of their long hours of study and contemplation.

"**SOLITUDE** is imperative to the painter, the composer, the writer, the scientist and the singer. Develop yourself, and forget what effect you hope to have on the public. Establish your own standards and the public will rise to them. Don't ever think you must descend to the public! Let them come up to you.

It is a very discerning public, you know, and you need never fear destroying any instinctive fineness to meet it. There is an audience for the *best* you have to offer.

"You develop that best—alone. With perhaps the one person who is nearest and dearest and part of you, accessible, because he or she thinks with you. 'Happy is the person who demands of life the leisure to catch the beauty and emotion of deep living.' And here is a translation from DeMusset that I love to think about—"There is nothing which renders us as sublime as a great passion. The most despairing songs are the most beautiful songs. And I know immortal lyrics which are cries from the heart."

"And the 'great passion' the poet talks about," said Grace, "can be music—or it can be housekeeping."

The two great things of life, Grace Moore believes (how ardently she believes what she believes!), are love and health. And into that is included the love of work, the love of all the minutes in the day.

When she stepped on the Ile de France, in 1931, Grace remarked to her companion that "something divine" would happen on that voyage. It did. She met and married Valentin Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain. They honeymooned in a thirteenth century palace in Venice.

It's a long way from the Cumberland Mountains to a Venetian palazzo, but that is inevitably and exactly the sort of thing that happens to Grace.

If it didn't, there wouldn't be any Grace Moore to stir our imaginations and enthusiasms with her magnificent voice, her thrilling personality.

WE ARE a trifle surfeited with posturing dolls who can wear beautiful clothes and read lines. We desperately needed the new and genuine excitement of a great talent patiently developed through years of study and hard work. And projected through a personality that has *real* glamour—not the manufactured article.

She is capable of stirring a hard-boiled preview audience to a frenzy of admiration and acclaim, such as no other person in Hollywood has ever done.

She is capable of stirring her friends to the peak of loyalty and devotion.

I have nominated her "the most exciting woman in Hollywood!"

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

THE report is that the Charles Farrell-Janet Gaynor team is far from being broken up; that Charles, as soon as he finishes his picture work in London, will hop right back to Hollywood and a picture with Janet.

WHILE casting the Russian picture Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur are making in New York, Hecht sent out a call for expert Russian riders.

A man in a Cossack uniform came into the office and stood at attention.

"Can you ride?" Hecht asked him.

"Certainly. I am a colonel—Cossacks—Ukraine."

"Oh, a colonel?" Hecht laughed. "Where's your regiment?"

The Russian turned, opened the door, spoke a sharp command. Fourteen huge, uniformed Cossacks marched into the office, stood at attention, and saluted Hecht.

"This is my regiment—all that is left."

Hecht hired them all.

TWO cases of infantile paralysis may equal one romance. Meaning Hal Rosson (Jean Harlow's estranged spouse) and Ida Lupino who were both stricken with the dangerous disease within hours of each other. Both succeeded in fighting it off, Ida's case being much lighter than Hal's. But during the hospital siege, he ordered posies to keep her room well perfumed—and Ida wrote Hal notes.

(P. S.—But don't overlook the romantic rumors about Ida and Henry Wadsworth.)

ON the romantic, and not-so-romantic highway—Richard Powell and Mary Brian put in their order for happiness ever afterward. . . . Phillips Holmes will miss Florence Rice when he goes to London to make a picture there. . . . Despite reports to the contrary, it looks like Madge Evans and Russell Hardie, not Tom Gallery. . . . 'Tis said that Toby Wing and Jackie Coogan are no longer together so much; that Alfred Vanderbilt has taken over the greater part of the squiring of Toby. . . . Now it's Paul Ames and June Knight, with Renee Torres seeing a lot of Eddie Sutherland. . . . It was a nice birthday gift Lew Ayres gave Ginger Rogers, an automobile. . . . Ginger had twenty-two candles on her cake. . . . Edward Everett Horton and Ivy Crane Wilson, widow of Harry, are together a great deal. . . . And Mary Nolan and Wallace Macrery are together again. . . . John Cromwell and wife, Kay Johnson, have adopted a child. . . . The Spencer Tracys dine together for the sake of the children. . . . The Rudy Vallees, be it known, are not divorcing, but separating. . . . The John Hustons (he's son of Walter) have separated. . . . Henry Wilcoxon's latest interest (and he hers) is Mona Maris. . . . And 'tis said it's almost any day now for Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr. . . . The cooing goes on apace between Jean Harlow and William Powell, Alice Terry and Barry Norton, Barbara Barondess and Anthony Mattes.

DESPITE censor trouble over Mae West's latest picture, Paramount must be satisfied, for the curvilinear star was given a brand-new two-year contract.

BLITHELY arriving on the set of "Now and Forever," Gary Cooper walked over and caroled a gay good morning to Mistress Shirley Temple, who rewarded him with a "Hush up."

Of course, her mother told her she must go right over and apologize to Mr. Cooper for being so unspeakably rude. Shirley did.

"But you should have hushed up," she said. "How can I learn my lines if you talk to me?"

ANY change in the Garbo's routine of life is news. For instance, she appeared on the set with a new maid—and the papers almost got out extras.

The former maid, whom she has had for a number of years, resigned to become an actress. She has an important part in "Imitation of Life," at Universal.



Johnny Weissmuller takes one of his youngest admirers for a swim. And judging by the grins, they are having a good time

WHATEVER the disparaging talk about Katharine Hepburn's last picture and her subsequent stage work in New York, it is apparent RKO-Radio took no stock in it. The studio handed Katharine a two-year contract.

On top of it, Katharine and her former husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, may resume where they left off.

BRUCE CABOT and his wife, Adrienne Ames, called off their sparring, 'tis said. Then Adrienne went to New York to do a picture there, leaving Bruce on the Coast.

WHATEVER you say about Hollywood's whataman, Henry Wilcoxon, the Mark Antony of DeMille's "Cleopatra"—you certainly can't call him a "phony."

Virile Henry took the count twice in some realistic battle scenes. First, it was a spear which pierced his muscular leg and kept him on the bench—and then in a Roman fracas he took a sword blow on the hand which slashed him to the bone.

Maybe DeMille knew that hairy Henry could "take it" as well as dish it out. Or again, maybe he just has a faculty for getting all cut up.

FREDDIE MARCH'S inordinate craving for caviar very nearly resulted in a case of lead poisoning. His boyhood recollections saved the day.

Browsing over an elaborate supper table set of "We Live Again," Freddie approached some of his favorite fish eggs reposing in a lovely iced bowl. He was about to dip deeply and partake when the suspicious thought entered his mind.

"Say," he turned to Director Rouben Mamoulian, "these look like B-B gun shot."

"That's what they are," calmly replied the director.

ALTHOUGH Anita Page is Mrs. Nacio Herb Brown, they must maintain separate residences until next June 5, when Nacio's divorce from his second wife goes into effect. Anita's and Nacio's Mexican marriage is not recognized in California.

HENRY B. WALTHALL not only gets a chance to wear his "Little Colonel" uniform again in "Judge Priest," with Irvin Cobb—but in the picture his eighteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, will make her screen debut. She was signed by Fox after excellent work in community theaters around Los Angeles.

Another daughter who recently distinguished herself is Sheila McLaglen, Victor's girl—eleven years old. Sheila's recent piano recital had some hardened critics admiring and applauding.

GARY GRANT and Virginia Cherrill are going for roller-skating in a big way. They even gave a skating party in a local rollerdrome, with twenty guests to take falls with them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

AT LAST! *Sylvia of Hollywood* ... FAMOUS HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXPERT ... PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVISOR OF STAGE AND SCREEN STARS ... PUTS HER SECRETS BETWEEN THE COVERS OF A BOOK ...

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Surely you have read Sylvia's inspiring articles about the stars and their beauty problems in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Now, in this book, Sylvia does for *you* what she did for these beautiful women. She shows *you* how to overcome every physical defect . . . how to improve your figure . . . how to acquire grace, poise and charm . . . how to make your skin beautiful and your eyes sparkling.

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P-10-34

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



The Grants give a party on wheels! Left to right, Joan Marsh, Walter Johnson, Sallie Blane, Jack Durant, Virginia Cherrill Grant, Cary Grant and Binnie Barnes, at the Culver City Rollerdom

HOLLYWOOD is welcoming back Marshall "Micky" Neilan to active directing again. Time was when Neilan was one of the most distinguished of all the old megaphonists. Practically every Mary Pickford hit was a Neilan-directed picture. But for the past six years, he has been conspicuous by his absence. He'll make "The Lemon Drop Kid," a Damon Runyon story in which Paramount will star Lee Tracy.

ONCE upon a time a director named Eric Von Stroheim used to take off a couple of years, maybe more, and direct a picture. Von Stroheim is now acting in an independent production, where they start them on Monday morning and wind up everything Thursday afternoon in time for dinner. The other afternoon, Eric and Wera Engels wandered off their set onto another. Busy talking, they roamed around until Von suddenly remembered where he was and exclaimed: "We had better return to our own set or the picture will be finished before we get back!"

NO one, it would seem, on strolling about Hollywood is without at least one dog—mainly they seem to be in flocks, or herds, or whatever you call a pack of dogs. But, it has taken Donald Cook to capitalize on them. He has a flourishing ultra modern canine cafe in Beverly Hills, with a daily delivery service, rushing the hot groceries to the pups by truck. He even specializes in diets.

CLARA BOW is back in Hollywood—but don't get excited. No lure of a return to the screen brought her here—only the hot weather at the Bell-Bow ranch in Nevada.

Rex is due to start making Westerns right away, but Clara will play the now familiar rôle of housewife as she awaits the announced "blessed event," for which she may sail to Honolulu.

CONRAD NAGEL'S divorce seems to have knocked the bottom out of the stability of all Hollywood marriage. Yet those on the inside say it has been in the air for nearly two years. Something to these rumors, eh?

IF every author took his work as seriously as Mistress Peggy Lloyd, nine-year-old daughter of the famous comedian—there would be some realistic literature floating about.

Peggy's sobs brought her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd, running into her room.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

And Peggy, who says she is going to be an author even when she grows up, replied, "I'm writing a mystery story—and I got scared."

RONALD COLMAN says he has no thought or intention of a second marriage, and sighs as he adds that his divorce from Thelma Raye was all for the best. The ex-Mrs. Colman secured the divorce in London. She has lived there, with the exception of one brief trip here in 1925 to arrange a property settlement, since 1924. That was the year of their separation.

VERREE TEASDALE traveled all the way from Hollywood to New York to select her trousseau for her coming marriage to Adolphe Menjou, only to find all the shops holding sales—and she couldn't get any of the advance styles.

As if that wasn't enough, the studio wired her she had to be on the way back by the next Thursday, and she'd only been in New York three days.

Verree was much needed for "Firebird," and when she did get back, she found that she even had to postpone the wedding—the picture had to go into immediate production.

Warners took up her option when it came due.

So she is set to be an actress, and Mrs. Menjou, at the same time.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



No, the gentleman from Kentucky is not in distress. The camera just caught Irvin S. Cobb concentrating on what Will Rogers was saying

Synopsis of Anthony Adverse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.



It took many months to get Grant to pose with his bride. But here they are: Mr. Withers and wife, formerly Alice Walsh, of Cleveland

"...a glorious evening, Betty!"

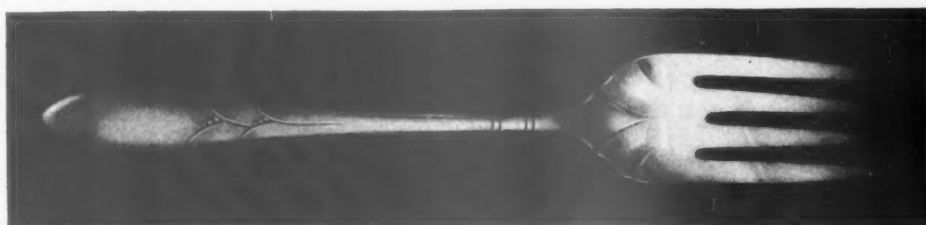


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Five Fresh Flavors

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near El Paso, Texas. For some years they have

peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony's axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony's Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY— Columbia

A **HEAVY** melodrama which is impressive because of the fine acting of Walter Connolly as the successful theatrical producer whom the gods destroy. Doris Kenyon, as his wife, Robert Young, and little Scotty Beckett also do good work.

THE SCARLET LETTER—Majestic

MOVING in a dignified tempo, this classic is revived with Colleen Moore in the tragic rôle of *Hester Prynne*. Cora Sue Collins is a delight as her child, and Hardie Albright is convincing as the guilty *Pastor Dimmesdale*. Locale, Massachusetts during the early Puritan period.



Unable to find another child Spanky's size who was smart enough to act as his "stand-in" at the Hal Roach Studio, Charlie Oelze, property man, made this dummy, which always obeys and never tires

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio

IN spite of the efforts of Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, this film about a ten-years-married couple falling out of love can be catalogued only as "Fair." It is much, much too talkie, and moves along at a slow pace. Helen Vinson does well as "the other woman." Irene Hervey, Theodore Newton and Arthur Hoyt complete the cast.

THE MOONSTONE—Monogram

ALTHOUGH based on one of the finest mystery stories ever written, Wilkie Collins' famous novel, "The Moonstone," is a mediocre picture. David Manners and Phyllis Barry, in the leading rôles, do good work in spite of the poor direction and a loose screen story.

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal

THIS is a trifle ponderous for American appreciation. Diana Wynyard is married to a sadist with charming manners, who beat her in the tropics, so she returns to England. There she has an innocuous interlude with Frank Lawton, but the husband follows her and cooks it up into a divorce suit of national proportions. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Jane Wyatt, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Denny, Henry Stephenson.

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion—United Artists

THE life of the lowly, capricious actress, who became the favorite of the supposedly merry monarch, Charles II, is brought to the screen in magnificent settings. But the picture has a woeful weakness in story appeal. *Nell* is raucous and the king is gloomy. Anna Neagle is in the title rôle, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the king. Both are favorites with the British cinema-goer.

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. A magic fakir and his assistants, called in to rescue a young widow from a sinister doctor's clutches, dip into a real seance and reveal a lot of embarrassing things. Lines are so-so, and gags aren't too funny. Kay Johnson, Ralph Morgan, William Gaxton and Bruce Cabot all try hard.

BLIND DATE—Columbia

MODERATELY satisfactory film fare about a girl who goes out on a blind date when her steady lets business interfere with her birthday party. Ann Sothorn is the girl, Neil Hamilton the blind date, and Paul Kelly the boy friend. Pretty hackneyed in spots. For that matter, the whole story is concocted rather than genuine emotion, which is too bad, because Ann really does a good acting job.

HAPPY LANDINGS—Monogram

HOW the kids—big and little—will go for this. Lots of action and punch. Ray Walker and his pal are Border Patrolters, and the air stuff is first-rate. Crooks use the radio to get Ray in a jam. But he goes after them when they attempt the threatened bombing of an ocean liner, and brings down the bomber with plenty of thrills. Noah Beery, Jacqueline Wells, William Farnum, Morgan Conway.

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to do these New Hollywood Curls?



The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. *Curls*, mind you—not frizzes! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

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PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



This arrangement of back curls in an inverted pyramid with the point below the left ear, looks well with a hat that turns up in the back. It was created for a style leader in Hollywood stardom. If your hair is too oily and stringy to stay in curl this way, give it the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment described below.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

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DANCING MAN—Pyramid Prod.

A MEDIOCRE murder mystery about a gigolo (Reginald Denny) who falls in love with a girl (Judith Allen) whom he discovers is the step-daughter of a hard-boiled lady (Natalie Moorhead) with whom he has been having an affair. When Natalie is murdered, Denny, of course, is accused of the crime.

SHOCK—Monogram

A SENTIMENTAL and improbable story of the World War. A young officer (Ralph Forbes) leaves his bride (Gwenllian Gill) the day after their wedding to return to the trenches. There he is shell-shocked, losing his memory and his identity. And it's a long, long trail a-winding before he gets back to his bride! Good war effects. Monroe Owsley in support.

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.

REGARD this as a scenic travelogue, and try to overlook the dialogue because it is pretty painful. There are some interesting

customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. The story is about the sultan's daughter who falls in love with a Mohammedan turned Christian, and is, therefore, ostracized. A revelation of the customs and rites of a primitive people.

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic

ISABEL JEWELL coaxes her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand—when many things, including a stick-up, a gay trip to Mexico and a killing, get under way. Entertaining because of the barbecue stand atmosphere, cute comedy by Fuzzy Knight and Arthur Stone, and Buster's tricks in a swimming pool. Sallie Blane, Regis Toomey.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion

THIS little comedy that bluffs its entire way through big business, is mild and slow-moving to say the least. Its all-British cast includes Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat who recently appeared in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Do We Want Censorship?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

can hold their present audience? However, that is a chance they will have to take. They have no alternative.

So far the church reformers have shown good sense, tolerance and fairness in their attitude. They recognize the power pictures have upon the lives of all of us; their tremendous recreational and educational value. Consider, for example, the almost incalculable effects of such a film as "The Birth of a Nation." It taught us history and patriotism. It gave us an unforgettable panorama of the Civil War and of the problems of Reconstruction that arose after that great struggle.

The clergy have only asked the members of their congregations to avoid pictures that are believed to be essentially immoral. And in all fairness they have issued a recommended list to guide their parishioners.

There is one aspect of the situation that might well give ground for grave uneasiness. It is quite possible that the movement may get out of hand—that unauthorized groups and individuals, inspired by the zeal to reform, may too eagerly take up the cause.

Already there have been threats to picket theaters where alleged objectionable films are being shown; local organizations have brought pressure to bear upon mayors and police officials to have the showing of certain pictures cancelled; and the rumblings of threats for a general boycott of all theaters in certain areas may still be heard. In a great reform movement like this, there will always be found a number of self-appointed vigilantes who, by their persistent noise and bluster, are likely finally to influence the clear-thinking, fair-minded majority to take unwarranted steps. The real danger in these irresponsible direct-actionists is that it may lead to legalized censorship.

LIKE legal prohibition, censorship of motion pictures, wherever it has been tried, has in general been a failure. The reasons are not far to seek. State or municipal censorship laws,

even when intelligently conceived, must necessarily be broad in their wording. Interpretation of the laws too often reveals political appointees lacking in experience, in breadth of view and in a real comprehension of the task that lies before them.

If one will follow through for a period the rulings of nearly any board of censors he will be amazed by the startling inconsistency of their decisions. Perfectly harmless trivialities will be omitted from one film, and really gross implications will be permitted in another.

And even if trained sociologists were appointed to boards of censorship, I fear there would be much confusion in their decisions and much unfairness, though not intentionally so. No committee of human beings can be trusted to pass upon the tastes and habits of others.

THE Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, made a report which appeared in the Ecclesiastical Review, on "The Problem of Evil Motion Pictures." Archbishop McNicholas' words carry exceptional weight, for he is Chairman of the Motion Picture Committee of the Roman Catholic Bishops, which initiated the idea of The Legion of Decency. Says Archbishop McNicholas:

"Public opinion, if governed by good sense and relentless in its opposition to the evil motion picture, has many advantages over censorship that may be politically controlled or corrupted or may become utterly indifferent to the commonweal. . . .

"It may be well to make clear that the church is not asking for a solemn type of picture that gives no real amusement and no opportunity for a hearty laugh. The Catholic Church, in a true sense, is broad and liberal, and no legitimate recreation need fear her opposition."

In other words, this prelate who, it goes without saying, has given a tremendous amount of thought and study to the problem of better pictures, comes out against legalized censorship. And I further infer from his statement

that the matter of censorship should be left where it belongs—in the conscience of each individual.

No moral question was ever settled by compulsion. It is proverbial that you cannot make a man good by force. And legal censorship means to attempt just that.

IF arguments for censorship arise in your community, combat them. If members of your city council or your State legislature introduce bills of censorship, protest by letter to these officials or to your local newspapers or by word of mouth to your friends and associates. For, if we should have a widely extended, legalized censorship, it may mean new dangers. We all know but too well that the evils prohibition was supposed to do away with were only multiplied by it. The pendulum is likely to swing over so far that we shall have only saccharine, Pollyanna stories. They will bore instead of entertain; they will drive the young away from the motion picture theaters into other very questionable forms of pleasure. Motion pictures are too vital a part of American life to be tampered with. If we are not careful, we are in danger of seeing evils arise of far greater magnitude than any of those now charged against this great amusement.

Be your own censor. In that lies safety for us all.

The Fairy-Tale Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

young children, Blatz and Botts' 'The Parent and the Pre-School Child.'

"Most of the studying, Freddie and I agreed, would be up to me. Studio schedules leave little time for a thorough exploration of such a subject. However, we discuss my accumulated findings constantly, and Freddie reads the most important of the volumes. It is a fascinating subject; in fact, it is our favorite topic when we are alone.

"We were teased rather systematically when friends discovered our serious absorption. They told us it was so much 'twaddle'—this psychology business—that we couldn't raise children from books or without punishments or scoldings. We disagreed firmly and kept right on collecting a library on the subject."

"And did it work out with Penny—all these ultra-modern theories?" I queried.

"Perfectly," was her reply. "So much so that the friends who once said 'twaddle' are now asking me how to break their youngest of thumb-sucking. Penny is somewhat of a marvel to people because she is reasonably obedient at all times and has never been punished."

AT this point I asked the most difficult question I have ever put to anyone.

"How are you going to let them know, about being adopted?"

There is something so personal, so deeply emotional about such a query. I didn't want to ask it. I felt uncomfortable when I blurted it out—but now I'm glad I did, for this was her answer:

"I am writing a fairy-tale for the children. It will be printed in a little book, just for them, and as soon as they have reached the bedtime-story age, Freddie and I will read it to them every night."



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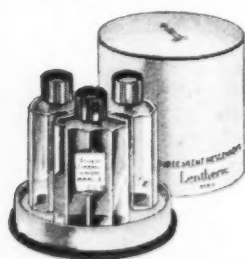


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In bright blue weather

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the daytime fragrance

"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

And then Florence March, the former Florence Eldridge, star of the Broadway stage and silent pictures, who lightly tossed away a career for the homely profession of wife and mother, told a story so poignantly sweet, it played tricks with my store of well-controlled feelings.

"Quite briefly and roughly," she continued, "the story will go like this:

"A prince and princess were happily married. They had wealth, health and love, but still they wept bitterly. You see, their arms were empty, and they prayed to have them filled.

"THEY prayed to the God of Faith, but no lovely child came to fill the void. They prayed to the God of Science, and still their pleas went unanswered.

"One day the prince and princess walked home from their prayers weeping, when an old woman stopped them.

"Why do you weep when there are children without warm arms to hold them, waiting for you?"

"The prince and the princess asked the old woman what she meant, and she bade them follow her over the hill.

"And there they found the most beautiful baby in the world. And guess who that baby was—Penny March! . . .

"It will soon become their favorite story, and then gradually the romance of it will interest them. And then slowly, as they grow older, it will be as if they had always known the beautiful story of how they came to be our little boys and girls, and there will be no doubts, no troublesome complexes."

I didn't trust those tear glands of mine another second, so I piloted the interview back to the announcement of the impending brother and sister for Penny and Tony.

"I think it all reverts to my first introduction to Freddie's family," Florence explained. "There are three boys and one girl—Harold, Elizabeth, John and Freddie. There was something so healthy, so right, so fulfilling in the bond between them. Since childhood they have all shared one another's responsibilities. They are a gay, harmonious, sympathetic quartet, and growing up and long separations have never disturbed the pattern of their relationship. I suppose that is why I always visualize our family in the term of four.

"And then there is a psychological advantage for the children of a big family. There is a healthy struggle to establish individuality and assert personality. This constructive competition is a splendid foundation for their adult problems.

"IT is also our theory that two children, say a brother and sister like Penny and Tony, are in danger of becoming too dependent upon one another. Anthony might look for a champion in his older sister during childhood. Later, she might automatically look out for him with that natural sisterly-maternal affection so many girls have for younger brothers. Such a relationship is definitely weakening to the boy's character. Where there are four children fighting for attention in a family, any recessive qualities are soon wiped out."

"And when they grow up, what then?" I asked.

"I suppose you mean what do Freddie and I want them to be and to do. Anything they wish. As for education, we will want to give them everything—travel, tutors, universities; but if they want something else, they will get it. Travel, a lot of it, at an early age, will give them a cosmopolitan social education, a knowl-

edge of how to meet and get along with all types and races of people.

"And then we are so anxious that they will learn early to enjoy the banquet of life—to know and appreciate good music, art, the fascination of botany and the rudiments of biology. That they may be self-sufficient, have a store of knowledge that will defeat loneliness or boredom—that is our first aim. After that, it is up to them."

"And if Penny decides upon the stage?" I had to ask that one.

"We would not stand in her way, but Freddie and I would prefer to have Penny marry happily and know the romance and contentment of making a gracious home and becoming a mother. Career-bound women are never truly happy. They can't be. They are constantly harassed by ambition. I happen to know what I am talking about.

"We want happiness for Penny, that is why I will try to make her see the completeness of a life devoted to the man she loves. But if she wishes to be a careerist she will have our support, naturally."

BUT what if luxury and money diminish their ambition, dull their energies?

The Marches have prepared against this handicap.

"For each child we will establish an annuity so that when they are ready for marriage or professions there will be a weekly income for them of fifty dollars a week. This is enough to protect them from hardship, while they strive to establish themselves in music, art, law, surgery, the theater—or it will give the girls something to add to the income of the men they marry, in case such assistance is necessary.

"Freddie and I feel that fifty dollars a week is not enough to interfere with their ambitions. They will not suffer from illusions of grandeur on that amount, and we do not believe in the theory that mild starvation and privation is conducive to creative development. Economic pressure has wiped out more embryonic talent in the world than too much money ever did."

And for those who might ask what the Marches expect in return for their years of devotion and selfless love—listen to this!

"We want nothing of gratitude or routine duty from our children. What love and companionship we receive from them, we know we must earn with sympathy, with understanding, with good sportsmanship.

"We want their friendship, not their reverence. We want them to be interested in us as people, not duty-bound by a burdening sense of obligation. And we know we will have to work hard to win their complete confidence. If we fail in this, it will be our laxity, not theirs."

And then a clock struck six long chimes.

Florence March was on her feet instantly.

"You'll excuse me? The children have their supper at six every night and I never miss helping the nurse prepare their food. And I like to sit with Penny during supper. Freddie joins us at this ceremony when he is free."

WE said good-bye, and she disappeared up the stairway leading to the nursery wing.

So you see, Freddie and Florence (fascinating the way those two names seem to glide together) are not only writing a fairy-tale, they are actually living one.

They are the prince and the princess, who now walk over the hill, their arms filled, their happiness complete.

How I Make A Spectacle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

mind of the public. Plutarch, Dion Cassius, Livy, Seneca, all contribute their data in the life of the fascinating and much maligned queen, and we used them freely.

I used over one hundred volumes from my own private collection of historical books in preparing "Cleopatra," as well as dozens from the Paramount research department and various libraries, not only for actual history, but for authenticity of costume, furniture, jewelry, architecture, war instruments, and the manners and customs of ancient Rome and Egypt.

YOU can't have Caesar sending a dispatch on writing paper, or Cleopatra's handmaidens beguiling an idle hour playing a piano, when neither was in use for hundreds of years later.

Also, I consulted the old masters of painting, those who glorified the historical characters of the world in paint, not only to impress them on my mind as human beings, but for posture, composition and detail. Gradually, you see, I took from various sources all that I needed for the picture, and as they all began to take form in my mind, I consulted with the scenario writers who were going to tell the story for the screen.

In the case of "Cleopatra," the abundance and wealth of material was so great that the mere sifting out process was a matter of weeks. With the story in progress, we often adjourned to my yacht, or to my ranch in the mountains, where, strange as it may seem, I find that Wagner's music relayed by the phonograph is the greatest source of inspiration during working hours.

The studio at this juncture became a vast arena of activity in all departments. To the Art Department was consigned the designing of costumes. Daily the sketches were brought to my office. They were sorted and sifted and selected, and those chosen—sometimes two out of fifty—were fastened with thumb-tacks to my wall.

As the weeks went by, the walls were literally lined with royalty, servitors, warriors, handmaidens, awaiting orders to come to life.

Materials were brought to me, cloth of gold, rich velvets, shimmering silks, headdresses, and we decked a human model in the soft folds of the graceful costumes until the desired effect was achieved for reproduction on the screen.

Great attention was paid to every costume, not only individually, but in relation to the scene and the circumstance when it would be worn, and since five thousand took part in "Cleopatra," that was no small task.

WHEN Cleopatra, triumphant, awaited her lover, Caesar, in her secret bower, she bedecked herself very differently from the desperate, thwarted Cleopatra who appeared beside Mark Antony at the battle of Actium.

As you can imagine, dressing Cleopatra was a very fascinating occupation for any man, particularly when she came to life once more in the person of the delectable Claudette Colbert.

Then Rome had to be built, and the scenic artists were concurrently busy. With the selection of the settings and designs, the cos-

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all evening long



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4 to 6 hours...thanks to newest
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This powder, rightly enough, is called *Marvelous*. It clings as you've always wanted powder to cling—and never thought it could. It actually stays on from four to six hours by the clock.

Marvelous, indeed, is a different kind of powder, a different blend, developed by the Richard Hudnut laboratories after years of searching for a new, longer-clinging powder. The Marvelous blend contains a substance entirely new to face powder—with a remarkable power to cling to your skin. In a sense, it becomes part of your own skin texture.

Marvelous Face Powder, therefore, never

looks powdery on your skin. It looks like a new, more freshly tinted, softer complexion of your own! And think of it—this flattering effect remains from four to six hours. What's more, Marvelous Face Powder stays on without clogging the pores. Its purity is guaranteed by the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut.

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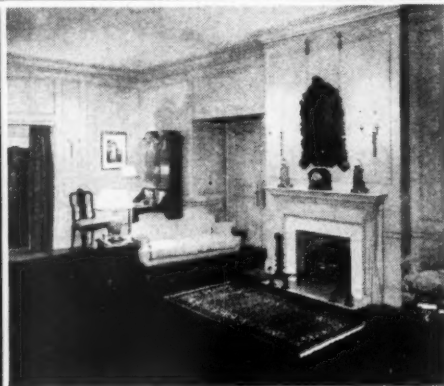
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tumes were given over to the dexterous hands who were to create them, and the architects and carpenters made the grandeur that was Rome a visual fact.

You must remember that everything you see in a spectacle has to be made. You don't run around the corner and find Roman and Egyptian helmets, jewelry, anklets, armor, goblets and furniture. All these things had to be made according to the findings of our months of research.

For example, all the Roman insignia, the jewelry, and the metal implements used in "Cleopatra" were cast and plated from models in the jewelry shop on the Paramount lot, and all the ornaments, the rings, the circlets, bracelets, brilliants, chains and gems, trinkets and gewgaws with which ladies have loved to bedeck themselves from the beginning of time, had to be authentically reproduced by our own workmen.

THE wigs were made in the wig department, where a score of deft hairdressers concocted and modeled the exotic coiffures of a day gone by.

Make-up was experimented with in one department, sandals and gadgets were made in another, models of jewels and accessories of Rome came from another.

And while these were being brought daily to my office for inspection and criticism, a great problem was on my mind: Just how did Cleopatra receive Antony on her barge at Tarsus?

Just how did she make this handsome young warrior, fearless in the face of the world, weak before her charms, succumb to her enticements and become—he who had bowed to no man—her worshipping and admiring slave? How did she entertain him? How did she make life for him on that floating palace such an enchanting dream that he forgot honor, country, everything for her sake?

What must be done to bring to life the bands of dancers, musicians, poets accompanying them as they floated lazily along, propelled by the steady rowing of fifty Nubians, pulling on oars of ebony, intoxicated with freedom and happiness under the glowing, golden sun? Here was life in its most exotic and intoxicating aspects, here was desire and passion in utmost abandon.

And it was here that we find all the opulence and extravagance of that great period in the world's history, utilized by a beautiful, seductive woman, determined to bring the world's great hero to her arms and let the rest of the world go by.

THESE, too, are a director's problems in the making of a spectacle, because without the spirit of the age and without vitality and humanity the greatest spectacle is dead.

All this time the business of casting had been quietly proceeding, even to the minutest character and extra. It wasn't an easy matter to find a Caesar, an Antony, and each evening when I returned to my home, my family, my staff and myself would go into our projection room after dinner to see tests and performances of actors under consideration for the various rôles. General discussion followed the showing.

So, by working from nine in the morning till eleven at night for eight months or so, the script and cast were finally ready. The sets were erected, the properties had been made and assembled, and everything was in readiness for the picture to be made. It was then my real work began—and shooting started at six in the morning.

Binnie With A Grin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

where as hostess she reached fifty pounds a week. But she sacrificed her place there to make only four pounds per, staging a cabaret act worked up with the orchestra drummer—an act which, intended to be artistic and serious, broke her heart when its amateurish staging sent her audience into convulsions of laughter.

Next Binnie describes an ensuing African tour with "Tex" McLeod, an American cowboy with a Will Rogers type rope and yarn-spinning act, who promised her that besides twirling looped lariats and yelling "yippee" she could make her debut as a singer. He kept his promise—in a tiny town in Africa noted for its tin roofs and its frequent hailstorms. The tin and hail got together the night Binnie made her vocal debut, singing "My Blue Heaven."

The blue heaven turned black, and when hailstones the size of turkey eggs started hammering on the tympanum roof in the middle of the first chorus, Binnie admitted the joke was on her. Everybody laughed—and so did she—although every howl tore her heart loose from its moorings.

"Texas" Binnie Barnes—that's how London knew her when she returned from the Westernizing influence of "Tex" McLeod. The gusty prefix was for business reasons. London was American-entertainment conscious. American girls were in demand. Binnie even affected a Southwestern drawl — "The Panhandle? Shuah, I've held it over a campfire many an evenin'."

BINNIE got the desired results—jobs, cabaret jobs, dancing, singing jobs—work. She had no high flung ambitions other than for plenty to eat and a nice place to sleep.

That is, until things started happening—an amazing chain of fortunate things that widened and strengthened and fortified the undefeated smile of Binnie Barnes.

First Andre Charlot, a big London producer, saw her, gave her an audition and her first taste of real fame when he put her in his show in a torch song number, "Deja" (Tomorrow). It swept the Continent, and the attention it caused brought her first opportunity to do a dramatic stage rôle, with Charles Laughton in "Silver Tassie."

Then Noel Coward, the playwright, sat in the audience of "Silver Tassie" one night. In Binnie he saw the *Fanny* he had imagined for the play he was to open in Drury Lane—"Cavalcade." Months later, Binnie received what was probably the most important telephone call of her career, for it resulted in her creating the "Twentieth Century Blues" singing rôle in the great English drama. She played with "Cavalcade" for more than a year.

"Cavalcade" brought her two picture contracts, a husband, and a trip to New York. The second contract was with Alexander Korda, the man who was later to really put her on the screen map in "Henry the VIII." The marriage was with Samuel Joseph, leading London antique bookseller—and they've been happy ever after. But the trip to New York—

Sidney Kent, head of Fox Films, saw her in "Cavalcade" in London, and signed her on a two-year contract to come to America when the play was finished.

Binnie's boat docked in New York and no

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt that is three and four months old!

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First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO



THE APPROVED MASCARA

one met her. She didn't know a soul. She sat in her hotel room for a week waiting for the telephone to ring. It didn't, so she finally called the Fox office.

"This is Miss Barnes," she told them, expecting a rousing, cheery, welcome response.

"Yeah!" came the reply. "Who are you?"

"I'm one of your contract actresses," she explained.

"Who signed you?"

"Why, Mr. Kent."

"Then," explained the voice, "you'll have to wait until he comes in from the Coast."

Binnie grinned and sailed back to England with a contract release in her purse. After all, she had just been married and that was no time to leave a nice husband for this mad America.

Now, of course, it's different. The honeymoon is over for one thing, and career pops up its insistent, demanding head. Moreover, Hollywood and the movies are a little more conscious of Binnie Barnes since she appeared in "Henry the VIII" and Douglas Fairbanks' "Don Juan." They didn't leave her languishing alone in a hotel room this time.

Hardly. Speed and dispatch is the new order of the day. Binnie left the "Don Juan"

set in England at twelve o'clock midnight of a Thursday; early Friday she was on the high seas. Her already described dash from the boat to the plane, punctuated by the Dillinger episode, preceded a direct flight to Hollywood, with Binnie reading the script of "There's Always Tomorrow" in the skies. She arrived in Hollywood at seven the next morning—and by eleven she was taking wardrobe tests. "There's Always Tomorrow" has been completed and she has started her second Universal film, "Escapade."

Binnie likes Hollywood, and she's having a grand time going rollerskating and eating Mexican food, and going swimming at a beach place she has rented up beyond Santa Monica. Her grin is wider than ever.

Right now her ambitions are to run down to Texas, so she can really claim the title of "Texas Binnie" and find out just what it is they do with that Panhandle; to acquire a deep mahogany tan, in spite of the warnings of Universal's make-up man, and to take a trip back to London soon. She wants to show her husband that the legend on the antique enameled ring he gave her—"aime moi comme je t'aime" (love me as I love thee)—still holds true.

She Was the Noblest Lady of Them All

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Marie sat in the improvised rest-room adjoining the stage, waiting for the moment when she would walk to her place, escorted by the Governor of California. There were tears in her blue-gray eyes, set in their fine network of laugh lines, and she twisted her handkerchief nervously in her beautifully tapered fingers—those expressive fingers which could summon an audience to laughter or tears at will.

"Why don't they come and get me?" she whispered. "I'm so nervous I can't stand this waiting much longer. I'll break down and cry like a fool in front of all those people if they don't take me in there before I lose my courage."

The noble old fire horse, as Norma Shearer affectionately called her the night when she presented to her the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest performance of the year, was still champing at the bit at the sound of the gong, although the weight of an illness from which she could never recover lay heavily upon her.

A few minutes later while an orchestra played the haunting strains of "Auld Lang Syne," Marie walked, with proudly raised head and eyes which were unashamed of their tears, to her chair at the head of the table. And the eyes of the thousand men and women, who rose to their feet in tribute to the majesty of Marie, were wet with tears, also unashamed. Perhaps they saw the dimly dark shadow hovering over Marie's head. Perhaps they knew, somehow, that never again would they be permitted to pay her honor on the anniversary of her birth. Perhaps they were seeing only the splendid beauty of the woman who had given so unstintingly of the warmth of her vitality to make the world a better place in which to live.

Marie was beautiful. She liked to call herself an ugly duckling, to laugh about her homeliness. But hers was a beauty which de-

fied description. It came from within the soul of the woman who had battled against the world since she was thirteen years old, who had retained a glowing youth throughout the years because she had not known it when she was really young. The wisdom in her deep-set eyes and the sympathetic understanding of her smile transcended all physical beauty.

Marie did not fear death. Neither did she welcome it. Until the last weeks of her illness, when the weakness of her body drowned the fire of her spirit, she found life a glorious and exciting adventure. At sixty-two Marie Dresler was more alive, more vibrantly interested in the business of living, more eager with enthusiasm than most people one-third her age.

"There is so much yet to be seen, so much to be learned, so much to be done," she said. And, until almost the hour of her passing, Marie was planning a future in which she could give more happiness to others.

Her entire life was devoted to the service of others. First her mother. It was for that frail little English-born mother that Marie left home to fight her way to the top rung of the ladder of achievement. Her one desire was to give her mother the luxuries and the happiness which had been denied her during her poverty-burdened years in the small Canadian town which she called home.

After the death of her mother, Marie turned her energies to the service of the public which had given her fame and which had made possible the comfortable peace of the last years of her mother's life. The glitter of wealth and success did not mean so much to Marie as did the affectionate, hearty "Hello" of the newsboys on the street or the policemen on the corners.

"They are my people," Marie often said. "I don't play to the front rows. My audience is the gallery. They are the ones whom I want to please."

During the World War, Marie tramped the country, selling Liberty Bonds and entertaining the boys in the camps. She was determined to do her bit, even though it cost her strength and a small fortune. The generous heart of Marie overflowed and her amazing energies never flagged during those dismal, war-ridden years.

When it was over and the boys were home and there was no more need to work for her country, it looked as if that country had forgotten Marie. The stage had no place for her in the post-war revelry of youth and music. Hollywood refused for several heart-breaking years to see the beauty behind the face of the middle-aged woman who asked it only for a chance to work. But Marie was undaunted. She kept on asking and she didn't lose her smile.

Marie has bequeathed to the world a memory of generosity and courage which it can never forget. And Marie has taught Hollywood and the world that there is something greater than beauty, that maturity may be as beautiful and as interesting as youth. From her all women have learned of the happiness which life may hold after the first flush of youngness is passed.

The happiest, fullest years of Marie's own life were lived after she was fifty-five. The tragedy is that they should have been cut short in their Autumn booking. But Marie, herself, would be the last one to recognize that tragedy. She would have said, with her wise, warm smile, that she had lived far more than her share in the sixty-two years which had been granted her.

MARIE Dressler had never stepped inside a schoolroom, but she was one of the most thoroughly and completely educated women in the world.

"My brain is sort of like a sponge," she laughed one day. "It just can't help soaking things up. Sometimes I wish it wouldn't do such a good job of it."

Hers was no one-track mind. She could talk art with artists, politics with politicians, government with diplomats and rulers, and dishes and diapers with young mothers. Her friends were legion and belonged to all ranks of life and to all countries.

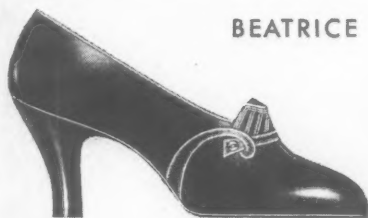
Marie spent the last three months of her life in the home of one of those friends in quiet, serene Santa Barbara. Constantly at her bedside was another friend and the closest of them all, a sweet-faced colored woman, Mamie Cox. For more than twenty years, Mamie had served Marie and, as the shadows grew deeper, Marie turned to Mamie with the trusting faith of a small child. White, starched nurses came and went through that room, relieving her pain, making her last hours comfortable. But, always, when Marie opened her eyes, it was to Mamie's smile that she turned.

Mamie sat beside her bed, with Frances Marion and a few other near and dear friends, hoping against hope that the woman they loved would win the fight against death. They smiled, Mamie and the others, because there was a smile on Marie's lips and they could not fail her courage. Only when, at long last, she closed her eyes and slipped away from them, did they break into the sobs which had been burning their throats.

Marie Dressler was a great actress. But she was a greater woman. The stage was not her world. She made the whole world her stage. She has gone from that stage, but always her shadow will linger there, unforgettable.



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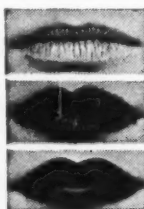
In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

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TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



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The Fan Club Corner

WITH the second annual convention of movie fan clubs over, and a great success, delegates have returned to their homes and club work with increased enthusiasm for the coming season. The convention was held in Chicago August 11, 12 and 13, with registration at the PHOTOPLAY ASSOCIATION OF MOVIE FAN CLUBS' offices. A more detailed account of convention sessions and activities will appear in this department next month.

Lanny Ross fans will be happy to learn of the two new Lanny Ross clubs admitted into the Association. Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Del., is president of the Lanny Ross League. Mildred Buck, Woburn St., N. Wilmington, Mass., is president of the Lanny Ross Legion. Both clubs will be glad to hear from all fans interested in this screen and radio favorite.

The Association also welcomes the Mike and Movie Club into membership this month. Barbara Alice Tickell, 1925 Fourteenth Ave. S., Birmingham, Ala., is president.

The Ramon Novarro Service League announces that they recently opened a Ramon Novarro bed at the S. O. S. Fellowship (a home for destitute men) in London, England. The bed was dedicated by the Rev. J. C. Grey. The League writes:

"We have been honored by the receipt of a letter from the Personal Service League of which her esteemed Majesty, Mary, Queen of England, is patroness, asking that we become a branch of their League who, like us, distribute old and new clothes and help the needy in general. Our animal welfare branch is making very good progress in its work. We are more than proud to welcome as new honorary members, Miss Peggy Simpson, the Gaumont-British star, Mr. Edgar Peto, and Mr. William Fanshow. For information regarding our club, please have fans write Mrs. V. Lewis Foss, 21

Endersleigh Gardens, Hendon, N. W. 4, London, or General Secretary, Ethel Musgrave, 6384 Elgin Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada."

The Platinum Page, club bulletin of the Jean Harlow Club, is most interesting this month. All Harlow fans are asked to write Dorothy L. Suter, vice-president, 2404 Ohio Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, for information about joining.

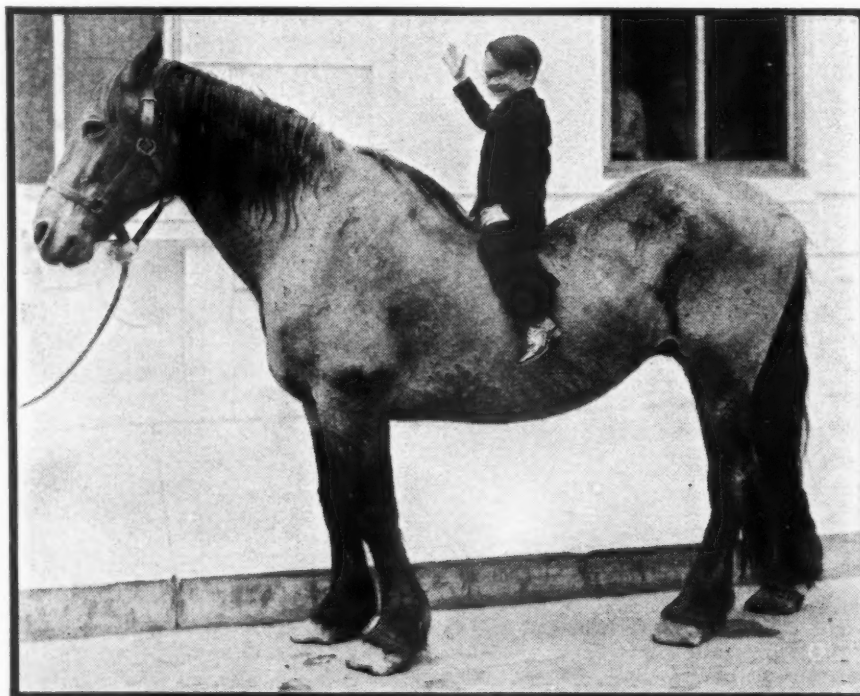
Members of the Norma Shearer Club dedicated an issue of their club paper to Gloria Stuart, sending along a nice complimentary photograph of Miss Stuart. Norma Shearer fans can get information about her club from Hans Faxdahl, president, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

THE Bing Crosby Club dedicated their July-August club bulletin, Crosby Comments, to Rudy Vallee and his club, The Rudy Vallee Boosters. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio, wants to hear from all Crosby fans regarding their club. Beatrice Gordon, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City, is president of The Rudy Vallee Booster Club. Write her for membership details.

The Telescope is the club paper of the Lew Ayres Fan Club. Fans of Mr. Ayres who are interested in seeing a copy of the club bulletin and want information on joining this organization are asked to write Miss Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich.

Estelle Nowak, president of the Gloria Stuart Fan Club, 3223 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill., writes that Miss Stuart has sent the club some attractive new stationery as a gift. The club's birthday card album sent to their star pleased her very much, they report.

Jacqueline Lee, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, N. Y., is president of the Buddy Rogers Club. Write her for club data.



It took the old nag, sway-back Martin, eighteen years to crash the movies. But he did it! He has a rôle in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Little David Holt, playing in the film, is "up"

Star-Gazing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

Pine and also the prize-fighting Maxie Rosenbloom) who can do a killing imitation of Harry Richman).

Across and due north was the biggest applause-getter in the whole place, George Bancroft. Near him was the charming Rochelle Hudson.

Thelma Todd wore a black dinner dress with a pink lotus flower collar standing up around her face. Dottie Lee was a sensational cutie in red and white diagonally striped seersucker with tiny puffed sleeves in the tightly fitted jacket. Her hair, so shining and short and parted in the center, was adorned by two cunning little red bows!

Virginia Pine and Rochelle Hudson wore very ooh-la-la prints and the cameo-like Anita Louise gave her beau Brown a thrill in dashing black and white. Such a complexion that child has! From using no powder, she claims. Cleanses her face with cream, then immediately washes it with soap and water. Then pats on her night cream.

But powdering her face is an exciting task for Ida Lupino. What do you suppose this little woman does, huh? Powders her mirror! You heard me. She slaps the puff on the looking-glass, then, with her finger, goes carefully from powder to individual freckle. Covers each one expertly with the tip of her pinkie, and when's she's finished her exterior decorating, there's not a single sun-spot in view.

GAIETY being my main concern these nights, I tripped through the portals of the King's Club a couple of nights ago and casually ordered myself a Manhattan. (Adrienne Ames was there, looking especially fetching with hardly any make-up at all.) At the next table for two—with sixteen around it—sat the dramatic looking Helen Morgan. Of course, I had to make the *faux pas* of the evening. She was telling me about lawsuits and lawyers who remove one's surplus cash all too expertly, and I go and pipe up with, "Smartest thing to do is to marry one!" How should I know that she had!

With the whole world shrieking hosannas about small Shirley Temple these days, I, too, will put in my two cents worth and give you the real lowdown on her discovery. Here's how:

She was one of the famous Meglin Kiddies who are trained entertainers. The whole lot of them were called out to the studio to see if one could be found suitable to do the dance number with Jimmy Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer." The kiddies sat around for nearly an hour and nothing happened. Finally unknown Shirley got sick of it. She slid off her chair and marched up to the director, who was talking to some people at the other end of the room.

"Listen," she exclaimed, "I'm tired of sitting here waiting. Do I get the part or don't I? If I don't, I'm going home!"

P.S. She got the part.

MY revered Walt Disney was at a cocktail party the other five o'clock with his charming, little wife. Such simple, genuine people, pet. You'd adore them. Mr. Disney hung over the penthouse balcony by himself, admiring the Hollywood hills, so I slipped over and commented with reverent voice on said scenery. That got us started. Pretty soon the subject turned to wallabies. Wallabies?



"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."



"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

● "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

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To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.



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City

State

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Aren't you an ignoramus, though! Miniature kangaroos, my child. And these were sent from some Australian admirers. (Pooh, that's nothing. You ought to see the elegant stuff he gets from Indian potentates!)

He keeps the wallabies in the yard and has a great time watching them. Even Diane Marie is crazy about them and she's only a baby with a rocking complex.

Papa Disney told me with a grin that the tiny dotter was going to have her picture taken in the garden, sitting in her rocker, only she wouldn't stop rocking long enough. Mama Disney waited, Papa Disney waited, the photographer waited, but Diane Marie rocked on her non-stop flight. Suddenly, a baby wallaby popped out of its mother's pouch and skipped across the lawn. Diane Marie stopped dead still. Snap, went the quick-witted photographer, and now Papa Walt has gone back to drawing funny little pigs and bunnies with a relieved heart and a nice new picture of the Disney heiress.

I THOUGHT to be sat in a corner and make shame, I ought. I snubbed an old pal. But she forgave it when she learned it was unintentional and now, just for fun, I scream hullo's at her when I'm even a mile away.

'Twas at the Brown Derby. I was surrounded by men (sounds nice, anyway!). The waiter came up and gave me this note. I quote *verbatim*:

"Mitzi darling, I've been trying to flag you for ten minutes . . . looks as though you're doing all right with the lads." (See, I wasn't lying, Joan!) "Hope you haven't forgotten your protégée. Ann Dvorak."

I peered across the room, through the cakes, and there she was with her husband, Leslie Fenton, waving madly. I dashed over and we fell into each other's arms.

Just a few years ago, when she was a dancing

girl, I used to predict big things for her with that wonderful face and her emotional quality. Of course, right in the midst of her rise to fame she did take French leave and skip to Europe with her bridegroom, which left everyone shaking their heads dismally and predicting her doom. But I notice that right now she's doing two pictures at one time, so maybe she didn't make such an error after all, eh?

LIKE a piece of family news? Someone quoted the great Anatole France in August PHOTOPLAY as saying that one should never congratulate an author on bringing out a new book, because with each one he draws more and more on his limited well of experience, and each time less of talent and reserve remains. I hope Monsieur France was spoofing, because sister Ruth Cummings has just had published her first novel, "Song of the Flesh," and good as it is, she expects, and so do I, that her next will be even better. Read this one, pet—and the next one, too, and tell me what you think.

WE were sitting around in one of the studio commissaries the other day, gabbing about this and that, and somebody mentioned Uncle Carl Laemmle and how he picked a name for his movie company when it was first started many a year ago. Like to hear about it, Wide Eyes?

There was a big meeting, but none of the officials could think of a suitable monicker. Uncle Carl didn't think so very hard. He just sat and looked out of the window at the street below. A smart white horse and delivery wagon went by. The Universal Pipe Fitting Company, said the sign. Uncle Carl turned back to his confrères.

"How do you like the name, Universal Films?" he asked casually.

Well, Joannie, I guess as how they must have liked it!

A Son of Freedom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

stands on end like Jim Tully's. When it gets too long, she takes a mirror and a pair of scissors and whacks it off. That tickles Charles.

Elsa is little and slender and roguish. Charles sits quivering like a great jelly, in helpless mirth, when she does her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," her favorite character.

They enjoy swimming, live at the Garden of Allah because they like the pool there.

I WONDER if Hollywood will appreciate Elsa this trip," Laughton remarked, wistfully, to his good friends, the Arlens. After "Henry VIII," in which she was *Ann of Cleves*, the local cinema will now give her a chance—which amuses Laughton. He is so sure she is a greater artist than himself. The story has it that Thalberg signed her in order to get Laughton. He wouldn't come back without her.

Elsa came over with him, that first trip, but couldn't endure idleness and went back. Laughton pouted for days. He called her up on the boat, he pursued her all the way to England with radiograms. He was miserable.

Even in its reception to *him*, Hollywood was skeptical. "Huh, great English actor. Doesn't look it. All right, let's see what he can do."

Laughton is shy and diffident. No advances were made on either side. He went to work on "The Island of Lost Souls." Dick Arlen

was in the cast. They detested each other cordially. Dick called Charles "Buster." Secretly, that tickled Laughton.

When the picture was over, they met again at Palm Springs. Laughton said to Joby Arlen, "I don't like your husband, but I like you."

Which was the beginning of a firm and beautiful friendship between the families.

On his first arrival, Laughton bought a second-hand, light car. A shocked head-office called him in and suggested that "possibly there were other means of conveyance, more—that is, Mr. Laughton, for a man of your distinction, getting your salary—" etc., etc. Mr. Laughton favored them with a wry smile, and had lots of fun touring around in his flivver—with a driver. He can't drive.

"How did I know," he explained it, "that I wouldn't be on my way back to London, after that first picture?" So far as the money is concerned, there is this: fifty per cent of his salary goes to the British income tax collector—twenty-five to the United States.

The conveyance department has extended to two light cars, now. Little sedans. One for Elsa, one for Charlie. They don't know why, because they always ride together in one of them.

They adore jig-saw puzzles, limericks

(Laughton knows thousands), and alley cats which follow them home. They have two, Nero and Louis.

Nero is the recent victor of a gory battle which left him with ten hairs bristling on his tail.

"Like an old Christmas tree," Laughton describes it.

He wallows around the floor with the cats, calling "Louis-Louis-Louis-Louis!" in a rapidly ascending scale, like a prima donna vocalizing. It drives Louis crazy.

THEIR friends say Elsa Lanchester is a perfect foil for Laughton. Never once has she submerged her personality, never is there any danger of her becoming an echo in his reflected glory.

She is a constantly resourceful imp for whose wit he is the hysterical audience. Her precocious child imitations are flawless gems.

They love to turn the radio to those little darlings (the ones the rest of us tune out on—fast) and listen breathlessly, remembering every inflection. Then Elsa gives the performance over again.

Laughton's attitude is that of an indulgent parent, although he is very little older than Elsa.

To friends he says, "I am so ugly, how can any woman love me?" With which he smiled like an angel.

In England, they amuse themselves with a house built in the trees on their place, and rope swings to play in.

And in spite of all his glorious nonsense, Laughton is a good hard-headed business man with plenty of common sense. He is extremely happy in his present association with Irving Thalberg, because, he says, "Where most producers argue, Thalberg discusses and cooperates."

Laughton is seldom seen in public. The first night that he and Elsa went out, after their return to Hollywood, it was to see "Cavalcade" on the stage of the Pasadena Community Theater. They went to the Vendome for dinner.

Laughton ordered everything in sight, including the hot meat cart which perambulates from table to table.

He doesn't like Dickens, says he is a frightful bore. He won't play a Dickens' character, no matter what.

Pretty brave for an Englishman to stick to his guns like that, over the favorite British author.

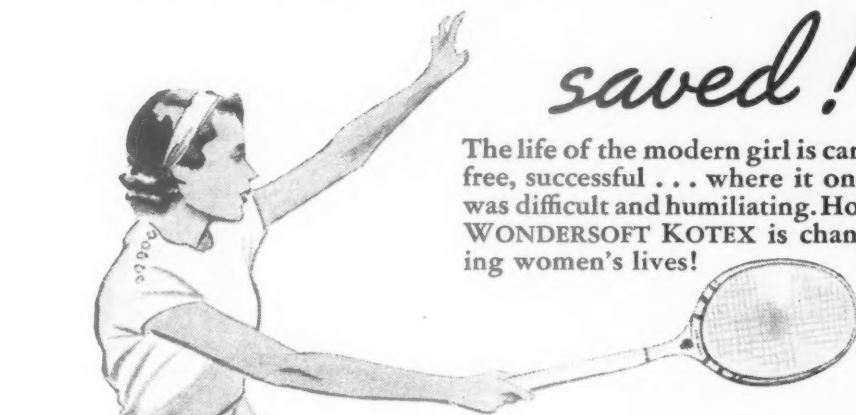
There is a lot of sentiment in this talented Yorkshire man—but no sentimentality. He makes few friends, yet he is excessively fond of the ones he has.

One of his closest friends is Josef Von Sternberg. But Laughton refused to play in Von Sternberg's "Scarlet Empress." "We wouldn't get along," he said.

DICK ARLEN and Joby were backstage at Old Vic's in London when Laughton was given Hollywood's Academy Award for the best acting of the past year. They told me he was so moved he could hardly continue with the play. Said it was the most sporting gesture ever made. When he walked, unannounced, on the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" set at M-G-M, the entire troupe burst into spontaneous applause.

A great talent which he respects, and a mind unconcerned with appearance or flattery, quick success or quick money have made Charles Laughton one of the few "free men" in the entire theatrical world.

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George Barbier	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Fred MacMurray
Grace Bradley	Julian Madison
Carl Brisson	Joan Marsh
Burns and Allen	Herbert Marshall
Kitty Carlisle	Gertrude Michael
Claudette Colbert	Raymond Milland
Gary Cooper	Joe Morrison
Larry "Buster" Crabbe	Lloyd Nolan
Eddie Craven	Jack Oakie
Bing Crosby	Lynne Overman
Alfred Delcambre	Gail Patrick
Katherine DeMille	Joe Penner
Marlene Dietrich	George Raft
Jessica Dragonette	Lyda Roberti
Frances Drake	Lanny Ross
W. C. Fields	Charlie Ruggles
William Frawley	Randolph Scott
Paul Gerrits	Clara Lou Sheridan
Gwenllian Gill	Sylvia Sidney
Cary Grant	Alison Skipworth
Charlotte Henry	Sir Guy Standing
Miriam Hopkins	Colin Tapley
Dean Jagger	Kent Taylor
Roscoe Karns	Eldred Tidbury
Elissa Landi	Lee Tracy
Charles Laughton	Evelyn Venable
Billy Lee	Dorothy Wallace
Baby LeRoy	Mae West
Diana Lewis	Henry Wilcoxon
John Lodge	Howard Wilson
Carole Lombard	Toby Wing
Pauline Lord	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn	Victor Jory
Rosemary Ames	Dore Leyton
Lew Ayres	Maxine Loomis
Mona Barrie	Virginia Loomis
Warner Baxter	Victor McLaglen
John Boles	Frank Melton
John Bradford	Frank Mitchell
Frances Carlon	Conchita Montenegro
Madeleine Carroll	Rosita Moreno
Dave Chasen	Herbert Mundin
Joe Cook	Warner Oland
James Dunn	Valentin Parera
Jack Durant	Pat Paterson
Charles Farrell	Ruth Peterson
Alice Faye	John Qualen
Peggy Fears	Will Rogers
Stepin Fetchit	Raul Roulien
Nick Foran	Albert Shean
Norman Foster	Shirley Temple
Ketti Gallian	Spencer Tracy
Janet Gaynor	Claire Trevor
Harry Green	Helen Twelvetrees
Rochelle Hudson	Blanca Vischer
Roger Imhof	June Vladek
Walter Johnson	Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire	Francis Lederer
John Beal	Ben Lyon
Eric Blore	Joel McCrea
Alice Brady	Polly Moran
Helen Broderick	Gregory Ratoff
Tom Brown	Virginia Reid
Bruce Cabot	Eric Rhodes
Chic Chandler	Barbara Robbins
Steffi Duna	Ginger Rogers
Irene Dunne	Adele Thomas
Hazel Forbes	Frank Thomas, Jr.
Skeets Gallagher	Thelma Todd
Wynne Gibson	Helen Westley
Ann Harding	Bert Wheeler
Katharine Hepburn	Thelma White
Pert Kelton	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Anna Sten
Douglas Fairbanks	

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Ronald Colman	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen	Tim McCoy
John Mack Brown	Geneva Mitchell
Nancy Carroll	Grace Moore
Patricia Caron	George Murphy
Walter Connolly	Virginia Pine
Donald Cook	Jessie Ralph
Inez Courtney	Arthur Rankin
Richard Cromwell	Gene Raymond
Allyn Drake	Florence Rice
John Gilbert	Charles Sabin
Dick Heming	Joseph Schildkraut
Arthur Hohl	Billie Seward
Jack Holt	Ann Sothern
Fred Keating	Raymond Warburn
Sheila Mannors	Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay	Patsy Kelly
Billy Bletcher	Stan Laurel
Charley Chase	Billy Nelson
Billy Gilbert	Our Gang
Oliver Hardy	Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne	Jean Hersholt
Katharine Alexander	Irene Hervey
Elizabeth Allan	Isabel Jewell
John Barrymore	Otto Kruger
Lionel Barrymore	Elsa Lanchester
Wallace Beery	Evelyn Laye
Constance Bennett	Gene Lockhart
Virginia Bruce	Myrna Loy
Ralph Bushman	Jeanette MacDonald
Charles Butterworth	Florine McKinney
Mary Carlisle	Una Merkel
Leo Carrillo	Robert Montgomery
Ruth Channing	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Karen Morley
Mady Christians	Ramon Novarro
Mae Clarke	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Cecilia Parker
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	Nat Pendleton
Douglas Dumbrille	Rosamond Pinchot
Jimmy Durante	William Powell
Nelson Eddy	Esther Ralston
Stuart Erwin	May Robson
Madge Evans	Shirley Ross
Muriel Evans	Maurice Schwartz
Louise Fazenda	Norma Shearer
Preston Foster	Martha Sleeper
Betty Furness	Lewis Stone
Clark Gable	Gloria Swanson
Greta Garbo	William Tanner
Gladys George	Robert Taylor
C. Henry Gordon	Franchot Tone
Russell Hardie	Henry Wadsworth
Jean Harlow	Lucille Watson
Helen Hayes	Johnny Weissmuller
Ted Healy	Diana Wynyard
Louise Henry	Loretta Young
William Henry	Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel	Frank Lawton
Henry Armetta	Edmund Lowe
Nils Asther	Phyllis Ludwig
Binnie Barnes	Bela Lugosi
Dean Benton	Paul Lukas
Russ Columbo	Douglas Montgomery
Carol Coombe	Victor Moore
Lee Crowe	Chester Morris
Philip Dakin	Hugh O'Connell
Ann Darling	Roger Pryor
Andy Devine	Juanita Quigley
Sally Eilers	Roslyn Russell
Valerie Hobson	Phyllis Seiler
Sterling Holloway	Onslow Stevens
Henry Hull	Gloria Stuart
G. P. Huntley, Jr.	Margaret Sullivan
Lois January	Francis L. Sullivan
Buck Jones	Polly Walters
Boris Karloff	Alice White
June Knight	Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander	Allen Jenkins
Mary Astor	Al Jolson
Doris Atkinson	Ruby Keeler
Arthur Aylesworth	Guy Kibbee
Robert Barrat	Terry La Franconi
Joan Blondell	Hal LeRoy
Glen Boles	Merwin Light
George Brent	Margaret Lindsay
Joe E. Brown	Helen Lowell
James Cagney	Aline MacMahon
Enrico Caruso, Jr.	Frank McHugh
Hobart Cavanaugh	Jean Muir
Colin Clive	Paul Muni
Ricardo Cortez	Pat O'Brien
Dorothy Dare	Henry O'Neill
Bette Davis	Reginald Owen
Dolores Del Rio	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	Phillip Reed
Ruth Donnelly	Philip Regan
Maxine Doyle	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Stanwyck
John Eldredge	Lyle Talbot
Patricia Ellis	Verree Teasdale
Florence Fair	Genevieve Tobin
Glenda Farrell	Dorothy Tree
Kay Francis	Mary Treen
Nan Gray	Helen Trenholme
Hugh Herbert	Harry Tyler
Russell Hicks	Gordon Westcott
Leslie Howard	Warren William
Josephine Hutchinson	Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as *Harold*, and Rochelle Hudson as *Lillums* are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lillian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

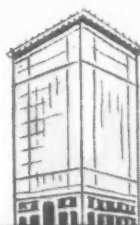
★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for miffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

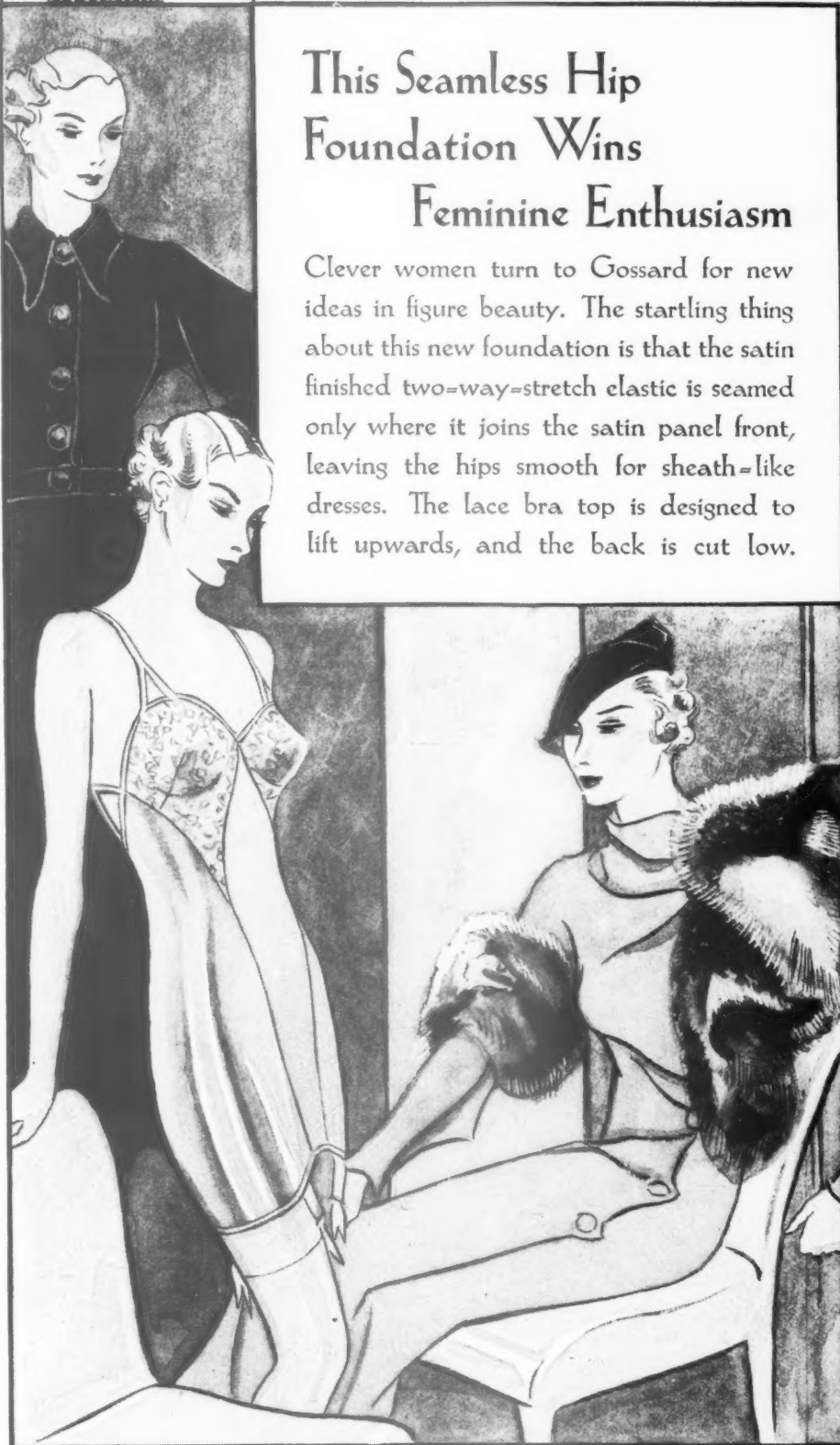
HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)



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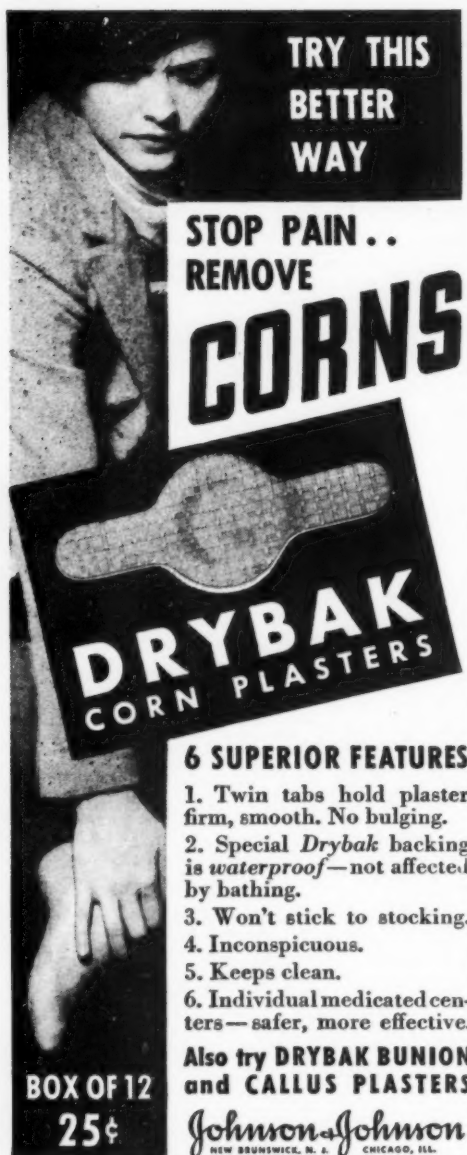
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★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullivan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)



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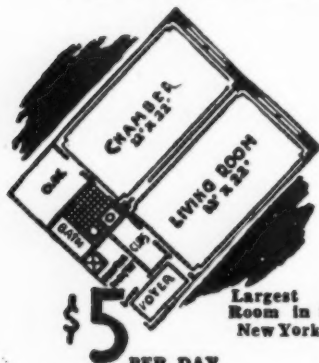
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MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ **NINTH GUEST, THE**—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

★ **NO RANSOM**—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—The story is beautifully handled, and Grace Moore's glorious voice will be a treat for all music lovers. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

★ **QUITTER, THE**—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapevin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)



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RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as *Grand Duke Peter*, John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, a baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

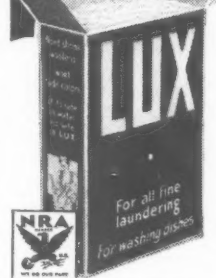
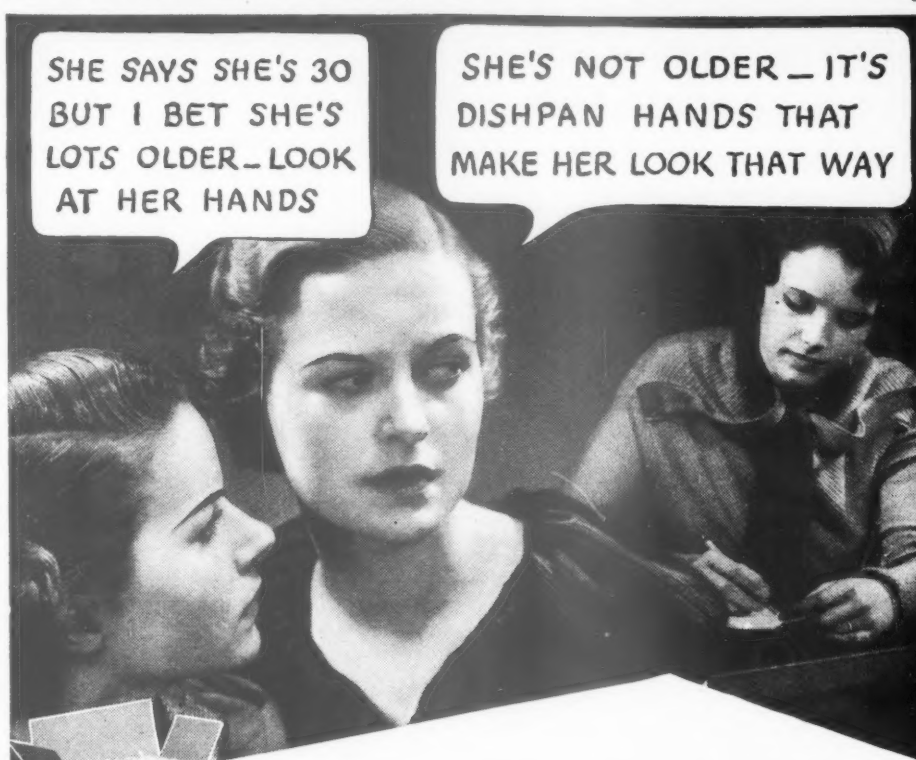
★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)



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SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deering's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsy, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with. Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situation, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the *Turner* family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND**—M-G-M.—A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Liberty.—Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



One of the most exotic beauties that has come to the screen in a long time is Wini Shaw. She's in "Million Dollar Ransom"

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

"SHOULD Children Go To Movies?" The question was discussed by The Better PHOTOPLAY League, and the answer was "yes—if the movies are carefully chosen." Then, as now, a long, happy marriage in Hollywood was a rarity. And so, Mrs. James J. Corbett told the secret of her and Gentleman Jim's twenty-three years of marital happiness. (This marriage lasted for thirty-eight years, until Corbett's death in 1933.) Priscilla Dean confessed that she found fame when she changed the style of her hair-dress. A photograph showed Charlie Chaplin and Nazimova meeting for the first time, on the old Metro lot. A story on Marion Davies described her as "a lively Venus of common sense." Great movie success was promised for Ralph Graves, known as "Griffith's First



James J. Corbett

Blond Hero." (He's writing for movies today.) "The Miracle Man" with Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney, was pronounced one of the best films ever made. Eugene O'Brien's "budding screen career," it was prophesied, would be furthered by his fine work in "The Perfect Lover." However, the real surprise in the cast was a lady named Mary Boland. Texas

Guinan was praised for her rope tricks in her two-reel Westerns. And a favorite picture of the month was "The Fall of Babylon," starring Constance Talmadge and featuring Alma Rubens, Mildred Harris, Carl Stockdale, George Fawcett, Pauline Starke, and Eric Von Stroheim. Rumor said movies might leave California because Goldwyn planned opening a New York studio. Cover: Dorothy Dalton.

10 Years Ago

SHADES of pre-depression days! A story exposing the prices paid for stars' finery said that Gloria Swanson's hose cost \$9,500.00 a year, and her wedding gown in "Her Love Story" cost \$96,000.00. The two success stories of the day were about Dagmar Godowsky and Betty Bronson. Dagmar, daughter of the pianist, Leopold Godowsky, was cast opposite Rudolph Val-



Gloria Swanson

entino in "A Sainted Devil," when his leading lady, Jetta Goudal, walked out in a fit of temperament. Dagmar, however, dropped her film career a few months later. Betty was the lucky girl who sky-rocketed to fame when James Barrie chose her for the title rôle in "Peter Pan." Photographs showed the child wonder, Jackie Coogan, keeping fit by exercising in his gym. And there was a lovely

portrait of erstwhile favorite, Louis Huff and her two children. The outstanding picture of the month was Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Bebe Daniels, Lowell Sherman, and Doris Kenyon. Playing the dramatic title rôle in "Janice Meredith," Marion Davies was considered miscast, and advice to Marion was that she limit herself to comedy. The other best pictures of the month were "The Side Show of Life," with Ernest Torrence; "Merton of the Movies," with Viola Dana and Glenn Hunter; Jackie Coogan's "Little Robinson Crusoe"; and "The Iron Horse," with Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien and J. Farrell MacDonald. Laugh of the month: Pearl White, wanting a quick tan, took a henna bath and came out red all over! On the cover, Mary Philbin.

5 Years Ago

THE revolution wrought by sound in movies was just beginning to quiet down, and the interest in stars' voices was high. Ann Harding, new to films, was called, in a story, "the girl with the million dollar voice," while a story on Kay Francis, titled "Vamping with Sound," described her as "the first menace of the talkies." Baby talk, too, was in style, and Helen Kane was in her hey-hey day. The ladies learned that their radio-romeo, Rudy Vallee, would soon be seen and heard in films. The loves of Clara Bow were aired in a story called "Empty Hearted," in which Clara was described as "a tired child who has called to life and heard only her own echo." Hollywood was rumormongering then that she would marry Harry Richman. Clara married Rex Bell two years later and is



Kay Francis

now living happily ever after. John Gilbert and his third wife, Ina Claire, were worn out denying divorce rumors. He's been married and divorced again since. Sue Carole and Nick Stuart were honeymooning, sure nothing could break up their romance. They were separated last year. Gossip item called Joan and Doug, Jr. "the current great neckers of the colony," and Doug announced that henceforth all publicity on his bride must be dignified—no more pictures of Joan's legs would be made. Important movies of the month included, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Norma Shearer), "Lucky Star" (a Gaynor-Farrell tear-jerker), "The Cock Eyed World" (Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe) and "Hallelujah," King Vidor's epic of the Southern Negro. Cover girl, Anita Page.

Two Who Hiss Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

feet square in size, and go to work. The huge stage had originally been built to accommodate the marble stairways and golden thrones Hollywood producers love. But Hecht and MacArthur are not dealing in extravagances.

If their sets are small, they are exquisitely perfect and correctly designed. In the set there is not one single object which does not have a purpose or a dramatic meaning to the scene. Thus the set may be almost stark in its simplicity, but it is complete.

This technique has been used with impressive results in designing stage sets for the legitimate theater.

In Hollywood they saw large sums of money spent on huge interiors. That, they agreed, was usually unnecessary. For example, a movie camera does not need to show you the entire interior of a building to convey to you the idea that a man has entered a drug-store. A single counter displaying drug items, a white-jacketed clerk, and the fact and atmosphere of a drug-store are established. Furthermore, they are established more dramatically than if the screen were cluttered up with hundreds of objects that are part of a large interior.

The artist is economical with his medium. What a hack-writer takes a long paragraph to say, the great poet will express in a single line. It is this artistic economy that Hecht and MacArthur are trying to achieve in movies.

Furthermore, they intend to prove, with the four pictures they will make under the Paramount banner in Astoria, that their technique is practical for any type of movie.

"Crime Without Passion," their first, is a highly dramatic, introspective picture concerned primarily with the psychology of one man.

For the second production they have chosen an entirely different type of thing—a romantic story of the noble love of a peasant actor for a beautiful young Russian princess who joins his traveling troupe in an attempt to elude the revolutionists. Their third picture will be a musical, "Hearts and Flowers." The fourth has not, as yet, been planned.

Probably few producers have wanted so intensely to make beautiful and important pictures. Yet, visiting their studios, you don't have the feeling that any serious work is going on. Hecht and MacArthur are newspaper men. And at the studio is the same informality you find in the city room of a daily paper.

THEIR most important decisions have been made while they were sitting on the floor of their office, playing backgammon at a dollar a game. It was there Claude Rains, "The Invisible Man," found them when he came out to Astoria, at their request, to consider playing the lead in "Crime Without Passion." The game did not stop. They talked to him between moves. Finally, after scraps of talk between long pauses, MacArthur asked him, "By the way, would you be willing to wear a mustache?"

Rains answered enthusiastically, "For you two, I'd wear a tail!"

But when Hecht rose from the floor, the game finished, to arrange such details as contract, salary, etc., MacArthur grabbed him by the ankle.

"No, you don't!" he growled.

"What's the matter with you, Mac? I've got to go—"

"No, you don't! Not till you pay me my dollar! I won."

Their office is anything but Hollywood's conception of where a well-setup producer should work. It's a large room, simply furnished, with signs painted on the walls—"Let the Public In On Our Secret," or "What Is the Audience Doing Now?"

On the set Hecht will sit cross-legged on top of a table, directing a difficult emotional scene as calmly as if he were watching a slow game of tennis. Just off the set MacArthur is spinning a yarn for a group of extras. He will interrupt himself suddenly to yell at Hecht, "Hey, Ben! Shouldn't Claude pause longer between those two sentences?"

"No."

"Okay." And he goes back to his story.

In a moment Hecht climbs slowly off the table. "Take it over, Mac. I'm going across the street for a cup of coffee."

"Let Lee handle it. I'll go with you." So, the director-producers leave and Lee Garmes, their cinematographer, takes over the scene.

BUT if they are casual, they are never careless. And though the making of their picture seems like play instead of work, they do not overlook a single detail for making it more beautiful or more dramatic. Certainly it should give a buoyancy and spark that movies made in a hard-working, routine and less personal way lack.

For Hollywood's star system they have supreme contempt. In choosing a cast for their pictures they use Broadway technique. In other words, they search for players who will fit the parts, not for people who are known as favorites.

They aren't uneasy because their first picture boasts no star. They recall, for example, that before "Scarface" was released Paul Muni was about as well known as Claude Rains is now, and few people had heard of Ann Dvorak or George Raft. They believe if a picture is good, it will make stars of those in the cast. And if a picture is poor, there is no justice in its riding to the box-office on a big name. On Broadway a play must have merit in itself to have a successful run. A poor play is not tolerated because there's a big name in the cast. Witness, for example, the flop of "The Lake," with Katharine Hepburn. If the same standard could be set in movies, far better pictures would come out of Hollywood, they maintain. In casting their pictures they do not even search for players with movie experience.

George Jessel, who will play in "Hearts and Flowers," their musical, has been before the camera more times than any other player on their list. For the important serio-comic lead in the Russian picture, they have chosen Jimmy Savo, Chaplinesque comedian of Broadway who has had some small experience in pictures, but no success.

In the "Crime Without Passion" cast, Rains was the only member that had faced a movie camera before. He had played the title rôle in "The Invisible Man." The audience didn't even see his face until the end of the picture. And then he was dead.

For one of the two feminine leads they chose Whitney Bourne. She had never scored a big

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of the days
I Lost*



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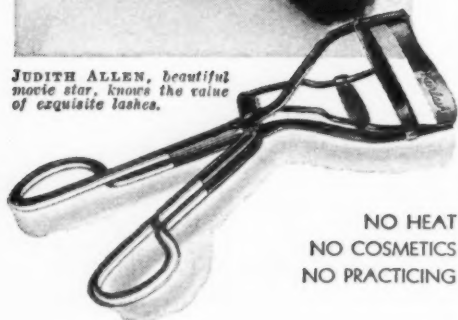
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Turn to Page 91 Now!

hit. Her name was not known. But she looked like the person Hecht and MacArthur had in mind for the rôle. She photographed well. She knew how to act. What more could a producer want?

The other important feminine rôle in the picture was that of a Mexican night club dancer. When the two directors started to cast that rôle, they looked for a Mexican girl who would photograph well and who danced in a night club. They found her doing a rumba at the Waldorf. Her name is Margo. She dances at night in the cabaret and comes to the studio the next morning to play the same rôle before the cameras. She even wears the same costume. Working with her on the set, Hecht will say, "How would you naturally do that sequence, Margo?"

"Like this." She rehearses it for several minutes.

"Very well, Camera!" And the scene is shot.

For one scene they needed a line of eighteen chorus girls. The usual movie gesture would be to call for eighteen extras, get a dancing instructor to teach them the steps, have costumes made, etc. All in all, the eighteen girls would have been on the lot (and on the payroll) for a week or more. The scene would have been very expensive.

Ben Hecht went to the telephone and called a Broadway cabaret. Yes, they had eighteen chorus girls in costume who could do a short routine. The girls piled into cabs, arrived at the studio, did their routines before the camera, and were back at the cabaret within two hours.

When they needed a Negro orchestra for a short scene, they made a similar arrangement with a Harlem night club. But intelligent economies such as these are possible only if the organization is small and the men responsible for the production are working direct with the cast, cameramen and technicians.

HECHT and MacArthur's cry in Hollywood was that the organization is so large and unwieldy, production is unnecessarily slow and expensive. For example, in Hollywood, MacArthur, as the writer of a movie script, was called to the set and told that a certain scene had to be rewritten. Production on the scene had to stop while half a dozen people were called into conference, consultations held, permissions sought, okays given. Two weeks later the scene was finally rewritten and retaken.

When Hecht and MacArthur decided a scene in "Crime Without Passion" needed rewriting, they sat down on the set with a portable typewriter, rewrote the scene as they discussed it, explained the changes to the cast—and went on shooting.

Their staff is small. But it is efficient and highly experienced. Director Art Rosson came from Hollywood to help them. And they brought Lee Garmes, noted cinematographer, and Slavko Vorkapich, technical adviser, from the Coast.

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"BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rudolf Besier. Screen play by Ernest Vajda. Claudine West and Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: Elizabeth, Norma Shearer; Browning, Fredric March; Mr. Barrett, Charles Laughton; Henrietta, Maureen O'Sullivan; Arabel, Katherine Alexander; Captain Cook, Ralph Forbes; Wilson, Una O'Connor; Bella, Marion Clayton; Bevan, Ian Wolfe; Dr. Chambers, Ferdinand Munier; Dr. Ford-Waterlow, Leo Carroll.

"BEYOND THE LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: Tim, Tim McCoy; Helen, Shirley Grey; Morgan, Addison Richards; Professor, Harry C. Bradley; N. Y. Radio Policemen, Mert LaVerre, Dick Rush.

"BLIND DATE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Vida Hurst. Screen play by Ethel Hill. Directed by Roy Wm. Neill. The cast: Kitty Taylor, Ann Sothorn; Bob Hartwell, Neil Hamilton; Bill, Paul Kelly; Freddy, Mickey Rooney; Pa Taylor, Spencer Charters; Ma Taylor, Jane Darwell; Flora, Joan Gale; Dol, Geneva Mitchell; Tom, Theodore Newton; Emy, Tyler Brooke; Hartwell, Sr., Henry Kolker; Mrs. Stearns, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Mrs. Hartwell, Mary Forbes; Barbara Hartwell, Billy Seward.

"BRIDES OF SULU"—EXPLORATION PICTURES CORP.—From the story by James Ormont. Directed by John Nelson. The cast: Kapura, Adelina Moreno; Arsan, Eduardo de Castro; Datu of Davor, Gregoria Ticman; The Sultan of Sulu, Armanda Magbitang; Datu Mandi, Himself; Yu-Ta, Felisa Fernandez.

"BRITISH AGENT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by H. Bruce Lockhart. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Stephen Locke, Leslie Howard; Elena, Kay Francis; Medill, William Gargan; La Farge, Phillip Reed; Payton, Irving Pichel; Stanley, Walter Byron; Evans, Ivan Simpson; Maria, Marianna Schubert; Commissioner for War, J. Carroll Naish; Romano, Paul Porcasi; Sir Walter Carrister, Halliwell Hobbes; Lady Carrister, Doris Lloyd; Kilinoff, Gregory Gaye; DeVigney, Alphonse Ethier; Lenin, Tenen Holtz; Cabinet Officer, George Pearce; Under Secretary, Walter Armitage; Del Val, Cesar Romero; Farmer, Arthur Aylesworth; Zubinoff, Addison Richards.

"CAT'S PAW, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Sam Taylor. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: Esekuel Cobb, Harold Lloyd; Petunia Pratt, Una Merkel; Jake Mayo, George Barbier; Stroszt, Nat Pendleton; Dolores Dace, Grace Bradley; Mayor Morgan, Alan Dinehart; "Silk Hat" McGee, Grant Mitchell; Tien

Wang, Fred Warren; "Spike" Slattery, Warren Hymers; Shigley, J. Farrell MacDonald; Red, the Reporter, James Donlan; Dist. Atty. Neal, Edwin Maxwell; Police Comm. Moriarity, Frank Sheridan; Esekuel, as a boy, David Jack Holt.

"DAMES"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord and Delmer Daves. Adapted by Delmer Daves. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Mabel, Joan Blondell; Jimmy, Dick Powell; Barbara, Ruby Keeler; Mathilda, ZaSu Pitts; Horace, Guy Kibbee; Ezra Ounce, Hugh Herbert; Bulger, Arthur Vinton; Song Writer, Sammy Fain; Song Writer, Phil Regan; Conductor, Arthur Aylesworth; Maid, Leila Bennett; Elworthy, Berton Churchill.

"DANCING MAN"—PYRAMID PROD.—From the story by Beulah Poynter. Directed by Al Ray. The cast: Diana Trevor, Judith Allen; Paul Drexel, Reginald Denny; J. C. Trevor, Edmund Breese; Tamara Trevor, Natalie Moorhead; Reynolds, Edwin Maxwell; Donovan, Douglas Cosgrove; Cavendish, Robert Ellis; Celestine Castle, Charlotte Merriam; Mason, Huntly Gordon; Mrs. St. John, Maude Truax; Eddie Stryker, Donald Stuart.

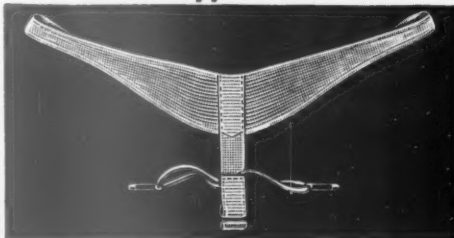
"ELMER AND ELSIE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Gilbert Pratt. The cast: Elmer Beebe, George Bancroft; Elsie Beebe, Frances Fuller; Rocky Colt, Roscoe Karns; John Kincaid, George Barbier; Mrs. Eve Kincaid, Nella Walker; George Simpson, Charles Sellon; Ma Simpson, Helena Phillips Evans; Mamie, Ruth Clifford; Bartolli, Albert Conti; Anna, Floyce Brown; Blanche, Vera Stedman; Ruby, Helene Lynch; Mabel, Marie Wells; Joe, Tom Dempsey; Evans, Eddie Baker; Smith, Duke York; Al, William Robyns; Postman, Alf P. James.

"FOR LOVE OR MONEY"—BRITISH & DOMINION.—Based on story by Anthony Gibbs and Dorothy Greenbill. Directed by Zoltan Korda. The cast: Paul, Robert Donat; Gilbert, Edmund Gwenn; Lillian, Wendy Barrie; Financier, Cliff Weatherly.

"GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Anita Loos and John Emerson. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Eadie, Jean Harlow; T. R. Paige, Lionel Barrymore; T. R. Paige, Jr., Franchot Tone; Frank Cousins, Lewis Stone; Kitty Lennihan, Patsy Kelly; Lord Douglas, Alan Mowbray; Miss Newberry, Clara Blandick; Charlie Turner, Hale Hamilton; Senator Tacombe, Henry Kolker; Lifeguard, Nat Pendleton.

"HAPPY LANDING"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: Nick Terriss, Ray Walker; Janet,

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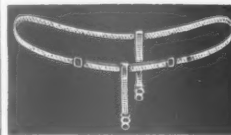
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"HAT, COAT AND GLOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Wilhelm Speyer. Screen play by Francis Faragoh. Directed by Worthington Miner. The cast: Robert Mitchell, Ricardo Cortez; Dorothea Mitchell, Barbara Robbins; Jerry Hutchins, John Beal; Madame DuBarry, Margaret Hamilton; Mitchell's Secretary, Sara Haden; John Walters, Samuel Hinds; The Judge, Murray Kinnell; Ann, Dorothy Burgess; Imogene, Louise Beavers; Coat Salesman, Irving Bacon; Glove Salesman, Wilbur Higby; Hat Saleslady, Marcelle Corday; Saleslady, Gale Evers; Detectives, George Gohl and Brady Kline; Prosecutor, Paul Hervey; Sob Sister, Edith Van Cleve; Tommy, David Durand; Court Clerk, Fred Sullivan; Reporters, Joseph Anthony and Tom Brown; Court Stenographer, Alfred P. James; Police Sergeant, Frank O'Connor; Love Expert, Arthur Hoyt; Laundryman, Strut Mitchell; Elevator Operator, Gertrude Messinger; A Bit, Bert Starkey.

"HIDE-OUT"—M-G-M.—From the story by Mauri Grashin. Screen play by Francis Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Lucky Wilson, Robert Montgomery; Pauline, Maureen O'Sullivan; MacCarthy, Edward Arnold; Ma Miller, Elizabeth Patterson; Pa Miller, Whitford Kane; Willie, Mickey Rooney; Tony Berrelli, C. Henry Gordon; Babe, Muriel Evans; Britt, Edward Brophy; Louis Shuman, Henry Armetta; Jake Lillie, Herman Bing; Millie, Louise Henry; Dr. Anderson, Harold Huber.

"HOUSEWIFE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Patricia Berkeley, Bette Davis; William Reynolds, George Brent; Nan Reynolds, Ann Dvorak; Paul Dupray, John Halliday; Dora Wilson, Ruth Donnelly; George Wilson, Hobart Cavanaugh; Sam Blake, Robert Barrat; Jenny, Leila Bennett; Buddy, Ronnie Cosby; Court Judge, Willard Robertson; Commercial Radio Singer, Phil Regan; Krueger, Joseph Cawthorne; Mr. Simmonds, Harry Tyler; Bolton, Charles Coleman.

"LADIES SHOULD LISTEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alfred Saviar and Guy Bolton. Screen play by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Julian de Lussac, Cary Grant; Anna Mirelle, Frances Drake; Paul Vernet, Edward Everett Horton; Albert, Charles E. Arnt; Marguerite Cintos, Rosita Moreno; Susie Flamberg, Nydia Westman; Joseph Flamberg, George Barbier; Ramon Cintos, Rafael Corio; Henri, Charles Ray; Blanche, Clara Lou Sheridan; Operator, Henrietta Burnside; Butler, Joe North.

"LET'S TRY AGAIN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Worth-

ington Miner and Allan Scott. Directed by Worthington Miner. The cast: Alice Overton, Diana Wynyard; Dr. Jack Overton, Clive Brook; Marge, Irene Hervey; Nan Duval, Helen Vinson; Paul, Theodore Newton; Phillips, Arthur Hoyt.

"MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by William R. Lipman. Directed by Murray Roth. The cast: Stan Casserly, Phillips Holmes; Vincent Shelton, Edward Arnold; Francesca, Mary Carlisle; Babe, Wini Shaw; Doc, Robert Gleckler; Elita, Marjorie Gateson; Meigs, Edgar Norton; Easy, Bradley Page; Innocence, Hughey White; Careful, Andy Devine; Towers, Charles Coleman; Dr. Davis, Henry Kolker.

"MOONSTONE, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Wilkie Collins. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: Franklyn Blake, David Manners; Anne Verinder, Phyllis Barry; Septimus Luker, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Godfrey Ablewhite, Jameson Thomas; Inspector Cuff, Charles Irwin; Rosanna, Evelyn Bostock; Belteredge, Elspeth Dudgeon; Sir John, Herbert Bunston; Sir Basil, Claude King; Ezra Jennings, Olaf Hytten; Yandoo, John Davidson; Henry, Fred Walton.

"NELL GWYN"—BRITISH & DOMINION-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Miler Malleon. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: King Charles II, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Nell Gwyn, Anna Neagle; Duchess of Portsmouth, Jeanne De Casalis; Duke of York, Lawrence Anderson; Chiffinch, Miles Malleon; Samuel Pepys, Esme Percy; Mrs. Samuel Pepys, Helena Pickard.

"NOW AND FOREVER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jack Kirkland and Melville Baker. Adapted by Austin Parker. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: Jerry Day, Gary Cooper; Toni Carstairs, Carole Lombard; Penelope Day, Shirley Temple; Felix Evans, Sir Guy Standing; Mrs. J. H. P. Crane, Charlotte Granville; James Higginson, Gilbert Emery; Mr. Clark, Henry Kolker; Mr. Ling, Tetsu Komai; Inspector, Andre Cheron; Chris Carstairs, Jamison Thomas; Mr. O'Neill, Harry Stubbs; Hotel Clerk, Richard Lee; Doctor, Egon Brecher; Assistant Manager, Look Chan; Fisherman, Agostino Bergato.

"ONE MORE RIVER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by John Galsworthy. Screen play by R. C. Sherriff. Directed by James Whale. The cast: Clare, Diana Wynyard; Tony, Frank Lawton; Lady Mont, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Dinny, Jane Wyatt; Sir Gerald Corven, Colin Clive; David Dornford, Reginald Denny; Gen. Charwell, C. Aubrey Smith; Sir Lawrence Mont, Henry Stephenson; Brough, Lionel Atwill; Forsythe, Alan Mowbray; Lady Charwell, Kathleen Howard; Judge, Gilbert Emery; Chayne, E. E. Clive; Elora, Robert Greig; Benjy, Gunnis Davis; Mrs. Purdy, Tempe Piggott.



Jackie Coogan visited the "Peck's Bad Boy" set to see Jackie Cooper in the rôle Coogan played more than ten years ago. Director Edward F. Cline stopped work long enough for a "bad boy" reunion

"PARIS INTERLUDE"—M-G-M.—Based on the play "All Good Americans" by P. J. Perelman and Laura Perelman. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: Julie, Madge Evans; Sam, Otto Kruger; Pat, Robert Young; Cassie, Una Merkel; Jimmy, Ted Healy; Mary Louise, Louise Henry; Ham, Edward Brophy; Rex, George Meeker; Noble, Bert Roach; Stevens, Richard Tucker.

"ROMANCE IN THE RAIN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Sig Herzog and Jay Gorney. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Charlie, Roger Pryor; Cynthia, Heather Angel; J. Franklyn Blank, Victor Moore; Gwen, Esther Ralston; Sparks, Ruth Donnelly; Rex, Paul Kaye; Panya, Guinn Williams; Hedgwick, David Worth; The Eskimo, Yellow Horse.

"SCARLET LETTER, THE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Screen play by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. The cast: Hester Prynne, Colleen Moore; Arthur Dimmesdale, Hardie Albright; Roger Chillingworth, Henry B. Walthall; Pearl, Cora Sue Collins; Bartholomew Hockings, Alan Hale; Abigail Crakstone, Virginia Howell; Sampson Goodfellow, William T. Kent; Governor Bellingham, William Farnum; Innkeeper, Betty Blythe; Master Wilson, Al. C. Henderson; Beadle, Jules Cowles; Diergie Crakstone, Mickey Rentschler; Humility Crakstone, Shirley Jean Rickert; Gossip, Flora Finch; Mistress Allerton, Dorothy Wolbert.

"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"—FOX.—From the novel by Sigrid Roos. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Hedda Nilsson, Janet Gaynor; Eric Landstrom, Lew Ayres; Hjalmar Gnu, Ned Sparks; Viktor Nilsson, Walter Connolly; Mrs. Hanson, Louise Dresser; Karl Berghoff, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Sigrid Hanson, Astrid Allwyn; Hans Hanson, Siegfried Rumann; Detective, John Qualen; Anastasia Gnu, Greta Meyer; Mrs. Knut Johnson, Dorothy Christy; Christina, Josephine Whittell; Olaf, Jerry Stewart; Olga, Ruth Marion; Swanson, Harold Minjir; Gretchen, Jevere Ann Gibbons; Tommy, Buster Phelps.

"SHE HAD TO CHOOSE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Mann Page and Izola Forrester. Adapted by Houston Branch. Directed by Ralph Ceder. The cast: Bill Culler, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; Sally Bates, Isabel Jewell; Clara Berry, Sallie Blane; Jack Berry, Regis Toomey; Wally, Fuzzy Knight; Mrs. Culler, Mabel Turner; District Attorney, Wallis Clark; Pop, Arthur Stone; Higgins, Edwin Gargan.

"SHE WAS A LADY"—FOX.—From the novel by Elizabeth Cobb. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Sheila Vane, Helen Twelvetrees; Tommy Traill, Donald Woods; Stanley Vane, Ralph Morgan; Jerry Cousins, Monroe Owsley; Marco, Irving Fichel; Alice Vane, Doris Lloyd; Daisy, Kitty Kelly; George Vane, Halliwell Hobbes; Lady Diana Vane, Mary Forbes; Herbie Vane, Jackie Searl; Moira, Barbara Weeks; Sheila, as a child, Karol Kay; Jeff Dyer, Paul Harbey; Yank, Harold Goodwin; Iris Vane, Anne Howard.

"SHOCK"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Roy J. Pomeroy. Screen play by Madeline Ruthvon. Directed by Roy J. Pomeroy. The cast: Derek Marbury, Ralph Forbes; Lucy Neville, Gwenllian Gill (courtesy Paramount); Bob Hayworth, Monroe Owsley; Capt. Peabody, Reginald Sharland; Gilroy Hayworth, Douglas Walton; Alan Neville, Alex Courtney; Rickey Marbury, David Jack Holt; Meadows, Billy Bevan; Hawkins, Clyde Cook; Lady Heatherly, Mary Forbes; Colonel, Charles Coleman; Orderly, Colin Campbell; Sgt. Matthews, David Dunbar; Major, Montague Shaw; Cockney, Eric Snowden; Adjutant, Olaf Hytton; Clerk, Harry Holden.

"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"—M-G-M.—From the play "Four Walls" by Dana Burnett and George Abbott. Screen play by Bernard Schubert. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Benny, Franchot Tone; Mrs. Horowitz, May Robson; Bertha, Karen Morley; Shirley, Gladys George; Skipper, Nat Pendleton; Monk, Jack LaRue; Sullivan, C. Henry Gordon; Mendel, Raymond Hatton; Dr. Wilkes, William Bakewell.

"THEIR BIG MOMENT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Walter Hackett. Screen play by Marion Dix and Arthur Caesar. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Tillie Whim, ZaSu Pitts; Bill, Slim Summerville; La Salle, William Gaxton; Lane Franklyn, Bruce Cabot; Eve Farrington, Kay Johnson; Fay Harley, Julie Haydon; Doctor Portman, Ralph Morgan; John Farrington, Huntly Gordon; Lolite, Tamara Geva.

"WHOM THE GODS DESTROY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Adapted by Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: John Forrester, Walter Connolly; Jack Forrester, Robert Young; Margaret Forrester, Doris Kenyon; Jack (age 14), Macon Jones; Jack (age 2), Scott Beckett; Henry Braverman, Rollo Lloyd; Henrietta Crossland, Mabel Turner; Carlo, Henry Kolker; Nicoli, George Humbert; Alec, Hobart Bosworth; Jameson, Hugh Huntley; Prof. Weaver, Gilbert Emery; Koroloff, Akim Tamiroff; Puppeteers, The Yale Puppeteers.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

CAROLE LOMBARD decided to play her assigned rôle in "Orchids and Onions" for Columbia rather than face a lawsuit and maybe a six months' layoff. She had been loaned by Paramount for the picture.

C. HENRY GORDON rated his professional standing as a villain many years ago, and he had never been able to get out of the menace class.

M-G-M, at last, listened to his plea—and cast him for a sympathetic police officer. But there was a catch in it.

Henry had to sacrifice his badge-of-servitude, his little wicked mustache, which has decorated his upper lip for fifteen years. Henry feels so lonesome and so exposed.

IN spite of her many beaux and friends, Jean Harlow is really a very self-sufficient person. She's never without a platinum and diamond anklet. The other day she was asked who gave it to her.

"I gave it to myself," said Jean.

Recently she's been reading up on fortune telling.

She says she can't see no reason why she can't tell her own fortune as well as someone else, if not better.

IT was a badly battered, limp and wincing Clark Gable who showed up at M-G-M the other morning after a big Shrine whoop-te-doo in Los Angeles.

Answer: Clark had been riding a goat, taking impromptu spills and unexpected blows during a hot and heavy initiation. Away from all inquisitors he hobbled with the explanation, "I fell down."

Which, at that, was more original than the black-eye gag—"I ran into a door."

WHEN Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur saw the rushes on their first picture, "Crime Without Passion," they were so pleased with themselves, they shook hands and congratulated each other. Then they went down to their office, drew up a contract, and hired themselves as directors on all forthcoming Hecht-MacArthur productions.

WHEN Jerry Wald was a radio columnist he used to razz Rudy Vallee plenty. Now he has written a Warner movie called "Sweet Music"—and Rudy will be the leading man.

THE usual procedure is for stock players to try to get in pictures, but Lyle Talbot is asking for a leave of absence to go back to his old stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. His pals there helped him out once, and now he wants to reciprocate and assist the company to get back in the money.

IF you have any old photographic negatives that retouching would improve—save them for Marlene Dietrich. It's her hobby. And she's said that if she ever quits the screen she'll be found in the business. Already, the industrious Marlene has some two hundred finished negatives to attest her skill. It's one thing Von Sternberg did not teach her.

FROM now on, when you see the name of Arn Shirley in a picture's billing, it'll be none other than she who was known as Dawn O'Day.

JACK LARUE had to grow into his rôle of Monk in the M-G-M "Straight Is the Way" production. He was cast for the part nine years ago—in the stage production, under the



Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer together attended the preview of Miss Shearer's latest film, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

title "Four Walls." It was decided then that he looked too young, and Paul Muni played it.

WHEN Clark Gable was followed right through the gate into the studio by four motorcycle cops, the gateman practically fainted, and traffic was seriously obstructed by the curious who gathered to find out how many laws Clark had broken. But all the cops wanted was Clark's autograph!

WARNER BAXTER was given a vacation at Fox, as a reward for good behavior. So he went over to Columbia (with the consent of his home lot) to make "Broadway Bill" with Frank Capra. Warner was crazy about the story, and always wanted to work with Capra. Besides, he gets a location trip around San Francisco, his favorite town, and rates \$89,600 for his work in the picture.

GRANT WITHERS' new wife is a former Cleveland society girl who is a trifle stunned at the prevailing informality of Hollywood. However, her sense of humor has risen to the rescue, and she no longer minds being openly compared with Grant's former wife, Loretta Young.

MAE WEST will have no competition from within her family. Her sister, Beverly West, visiting the reformed Mae, said she isn't even remotely considering shifting her career from the stage to pictures.



Duke Skeets Gallagher (left end of table) has a birthday party. The guests are: Pam Gallagher, in the high chair; Kathryn Brown, Joe E.'s daughter, being seated by Arline Judge; Michael Hopkins, Miriam's adopted son, and Jack Woody, Jr., with Helen Twelvetees, his mother. On the forward side of the table, from left to right, are: Frances Williams, daughter of Betty Williams, scenarist; Mary Brown, Joe's other daughter; Patricia Hawks, the child of Bessie Love, and Peggy Kalmar, the daughter of Bert Kalmar, writer



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' in five minutes!"

"Where's a drug store? Where's my head?" demands Mrs. Gibson, "I've forgotten Jerry's cake of Ivory!"

"Yas'm," says Sam, now as smooth as chocolate custard.

Mrs. Gibson is not telling *all*. She's going to get that Ivory for herself, too! It's the *pure* complexion soap!

DOCTORS ADVISE GENTLE PURE IVORY



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee, wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES



"I SAW YOU!" says Julia, the Gibsons' pretty maid. "Bobby Gibson, you're taking *my* Ivory Soap!"

"Aw gee!" squirms Bobby. "I want it for the Little Tigers' club house so Pete won't hand out his smelly soap."

"All right," relents Julia, "but leave some for my dishes!" Dishes, pish! Julia wants *pure* Ivory in the dishpan to keep her lovely hands smooth!

IVORY IS GENTLE TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

"Yes" or "No" to Beauty Magic?

SHE SIMPLY LOVED to read soap advertisements that promised "youth" ... "beauty oils" ... "the beautiful skin men can't resist."

So she tried these "magic" soaps. "But NOTHING happened!" she told her good doctor.

"Of course not!" said that unfeeling man. "No soap is magic. But a *pure* soap cleanses without drying. Why don't you use Ivory?"

Doctors are like that about Ivory Soap, because they have observed that Ivory's purity agrees even with a new-born baby's touchy skin!

Is this purity vital to your complexion, too? Yes, indeed! For Ivory *protects* the soft youth of your complexion. No drawn, tight feeling! Your skin feels clean and *naturally* refreshed!

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

"This is why I prefer Camels —"

Mrs. Henry Field
OF CHICAGO



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■ Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don't make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a 'lift.'"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, *refreshing* Camel.



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CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN
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